The Bystander, September 14, 1921 No. 928. Vol. LXXI.

# The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

## "DOPE"

*(A long way after Watts' famous picture)*

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

**COLISEUM.** (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
CUADRO FLAMENCO SUITE OF SPANISH DANCES, SCOTT & WHALEY, DESIREE ELLINGER, DE GUCHI TROUPE, FIVE PETLEYS, BIOSCOPE, Etc.

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NORMAN McKINNEL
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Nightly at 8.30. Mats., Tues. and Fri., at 2.30.

**COURT.** (Ger. 848). THE IRISH PLAYERS in
JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND.
By Bernard Shaw.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATS., WED. & SAT., at 2.

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JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.

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Revue Success PINS & NEEDLES
With AGNES SOURET, France's Most Beautiful Girl.
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées. Mon., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.

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Arthur Wontner. Willette Kershaw.

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Lyn Harding. Ellis Jeffreys.

**STRAND.** Nightly at 8.30. THE TRUMP CARD
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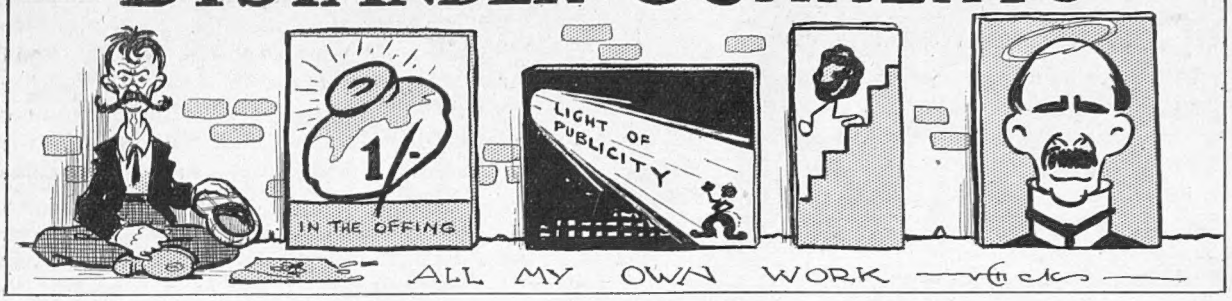
# BYSTANDER COMMENTS




By Victor Hicks

A vision of a shilling loaf — Charlie comes home "in the dark" — Coal coming down in price — *And* a portrait of Councillor Clark

### An Anti-English Author

Those who have read, or read about, Mr. G. B. Shaw's effusion on the Irish situation, printed in a morning contemporary last week, may gather from it some mild idea of the kind of stuff that a certain class of British writer has for long, and especially since 1914, been writing for the anti-English Press of the United States. Their object seems to be to stir up trouble and ill-feeling between Great Britain and America. Half of this two-column article by Mr. Shaw is neither more nor less than a discussion of war between England and the United States. "What is the next military enterprise to which Mr. Lloyd George has expressly committed himself?" asks Mr. Shaw, and himself gives the answer, "Nothing less than a conflict with the United States for the command of the seas."

### War with United States

Under the guise of discussing the position of Ireland in the event of such a war, Mr. Shaw, by degrees, talks as though the war was as certain to come about as is to-morrow's sunrise. "The insistence on the military union between England and Ireland," says Mr. Shaw, "means practically that Ireland must take the side of England in the war with America for the command of the seas for which the British Prime Minister is heading." Later on he asks, "Can America seriously blame Mr. De Valera for refusing to consent to Ireland being committed to a war with her?" You see the method of the whole thing—this talking of war between England and America as though it were bound to come, as though, indeed, the English Government had already decided upon it.

### Mischievous Mr. Shaw

This kind of talk cannot, I hope, do much harm here, but in the less well-informed parts of the United States, where the writer may still be considered a leader of British opinion, and will, at any rate, be known as that of a well-known British subject, it is easy to see what mischief it may do. I have seen much 'stronger" stuff of the same sort written by Mr. Shaw for the *New York American*. The present article is marked "Copyright by the *New York American*." Some people may think it a pity that its publication was not restricted to that paper. But, on the whole, perhaps the London paper which published it has done good service in calling attention to it. It is well that the British Public should know how some of their fellow-subjects misrepresent them in the United States.

HIS WORST ENEMY — By Alfred Leete

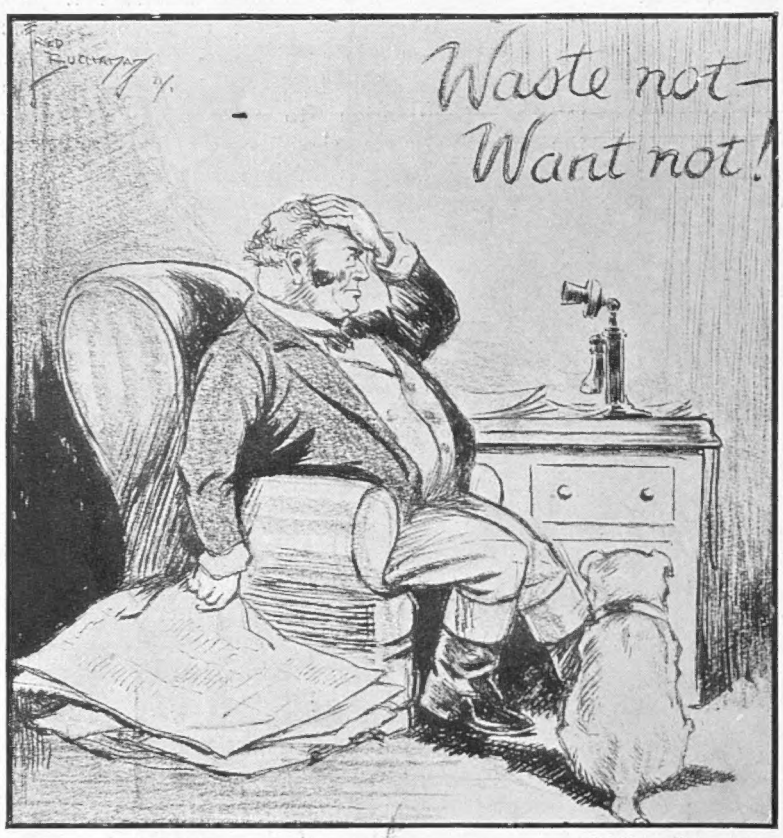
*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

**Vaccination Not Fashionable**

I READ the other day that ladies in Nottingham, where, apparently, much vaccination is going on, were insisting on the operation being performed on the leg, where the traces are still concealed, even by the modern fashions. In Peterborough it seems that parents are taking no risks about what the fashions may be some years later on. For of 885 children born in that city in 1920 no fewer than 700 are unvaccinated.

**Peterborough Deserves a Plague!**

I WAS sitting with an Egyptian Government official when he read this statement in a newspaper. He "snorted" in a most Government official style, and, reading it out, said, "I wish I could put them and their children in one of our smallpox epidemics. Our most ignorant fellaheen, people who are afraid of and hate doctors, whom you have to chase to protect them from plague—even the very lowest of these come eagerly to have their children vaccinated as soon as possible. There is no need to hunt them up. They have found out that vaccination saves their children's lives." I suppose Peterborough will claim to know better than a lot of ignorant black people. But these same black people have bitter knowledge of smallpox.




By Fred Buchanan

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL"

**Pulpit Publicity in the Press**

SOME of the most prominent of our clergy nowadays seem to have abandoned the pulpit for the Press as a jumping-off place for getting at us. Well, it is a compliment to the Press, at any rate, and I am willing to help. Bishop Welldon complains, in a Press interview, of "the growing laxity in the observance of Sunday." He complains of "country-house golf and lawn tennis" on Sundays. This grumbling about the poor old "country-house" and its Sunday seems rather an echo of the past. It has a Dodo-like sound about it. We used to hear wonderful stories of country-houses and their "goings on." I fancy some of them would sound rather tame to the "jazzers" of to-day. And, in very truth, take them all round, the country-houses have been, and are, the most faithful attendants at the country churches. Now that so many country-houses are shutting up, the country churches will find this out. It's taxes, not golf or lawn tennis, that are the curse of the country-house.

**'One Up' For The Church**

BUT Bishop Welldon mentions not only the country-houses but the public-houses. He says he wishes that the latter were closed on Sundays. I think I see the Bishop's argument, though he does not state it himself. I was in the country recently, and in my wanderings was attracted by the looks of three churches. I could not get into one of them. They open on Sundays only, and I did not happen along on a Sunday. I believe that this closing of churches all through the week is purely voluntary and not the doing of D.O.R.A. or any other restrictive law. The Bishop, no doubt, thinks that it would be only sporting on the part of the public-houses to refrain entirely from competition on this one day. But as the public-houses evidently do not see it in this light the Bishop will have my full support in fighting them on their own lines, and opening the churches all the week. In doing this he will have one great advantage over them. He will not be restricted in the matter of hours.

**Those Far-Famed Feet**

SOME superior people have been very sarcastic about the great fuss made over the visit of Mr. Charles Chaplin to his native country. It seems to me quite natural. His features, and his feet, are probably familiar to more people in this country than are those of any other living man. You may lament this fact if you like, but that will not prevent it from being a fact. By this time I hope Mr. Chaplin will have settled the question of which is his old school. We shall never know now which of those islands was really the birthplace of Homer. But the matter of Mr. Chaplin's school has, fortunately, been taken up in time.

**The Cultured Comedian**

IT seems strange to think that, well as they know him by sight, none of Mr. Chaplin's countless admirers has ever *heard* him. A lady who was a

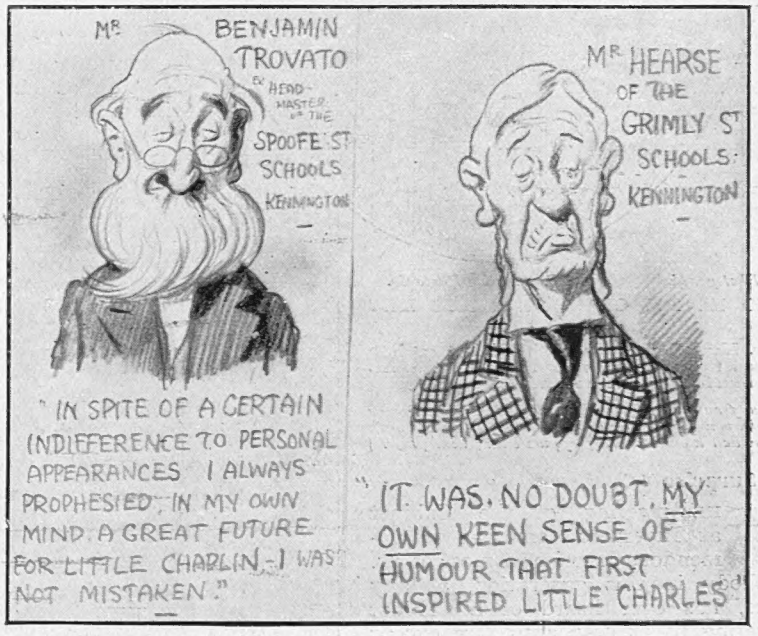
member of his staff for eighteen months, during the entire production of "The Kid," tells us "His speech is that of the cultured Englishman, in spite of nine years in the United States." This speaks volumes for the powerful influence of Mr. Chaplin's school, whichever it was—at the moment of writing Mr. Chaplin has not arrived to settle the question, and I refuse to accept any verdict but his own.

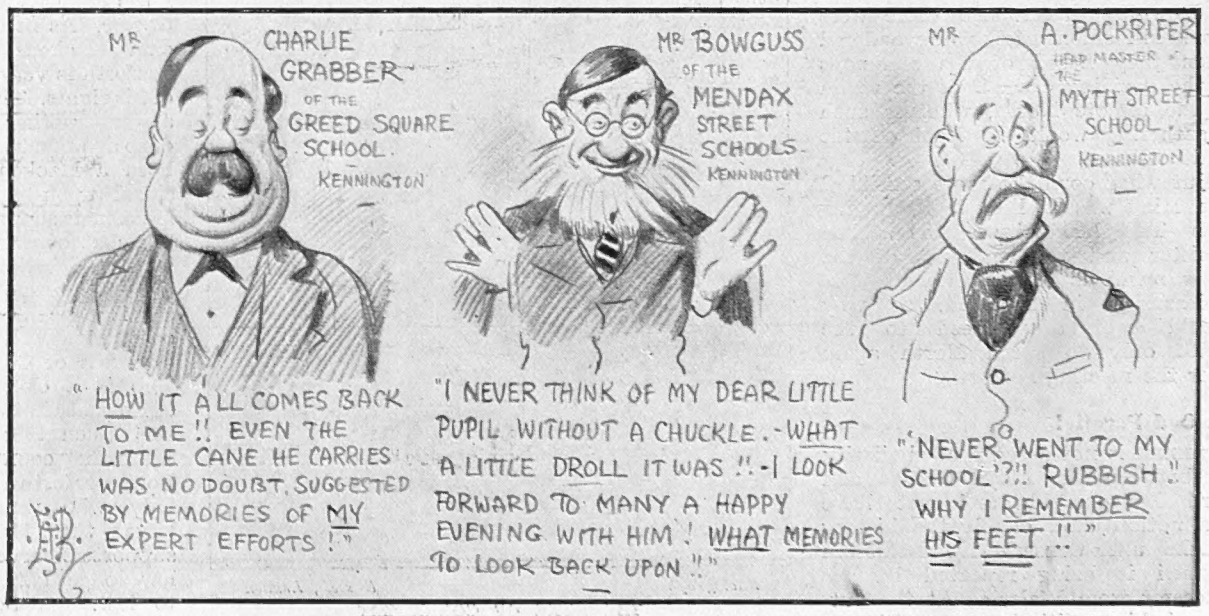
**Eyeglasses—**

"THERE, but for the grace of God, goes"——you, or I, or anybody. Comforting words, these, I always feel, when reading descriptions of events such as occurred last week at Inverness. Great Britain's great ones were there assembled in solemn conclave—a Cabinet meeting in a place where no such assembly had gathered for over two hundred years. And we read that those Cabinet Ministers went in unrecognised by the crowd, until Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead mounted the Town Hall steps. And they—why was it that cheers rang out for them? Because, we read, the crowd recognised *the eyeglass and the cigar!*

**—And Cigars**

IT is not, you note, the faces that are so well-known, but the characteristic adornments of those faces. And that is why I find those famous words quoted above so comforting. Humble folk like ourselves might rub shoulders with half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers in a tube-lift, for instance, and only the most discerning eye would be able to distinguish — the sheep from the goats! It is good to feel that even if we cannot afford cigars these days, and rejoice in perfectly good eyesight, our honest, homely faces may yet conceal the ability to wield a portfolio!



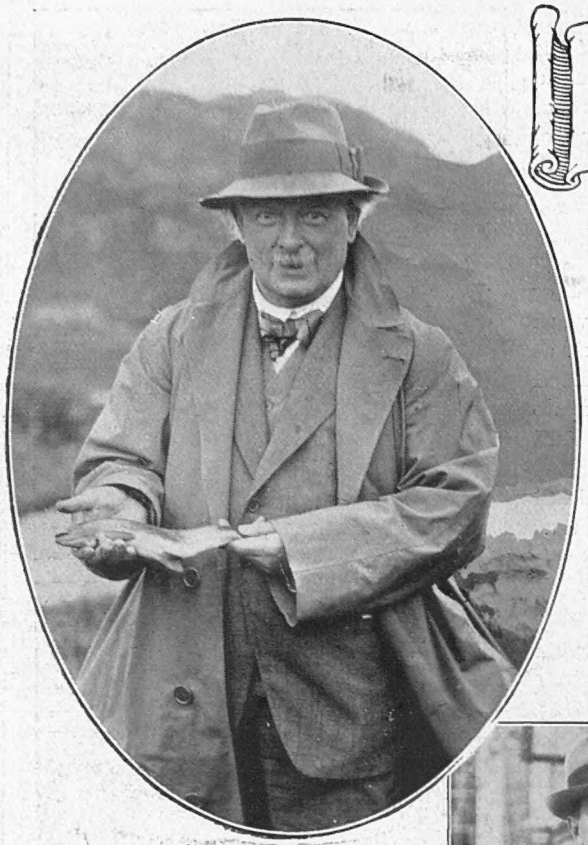

By E. T. Reed

## REFLECTED GLORY; OR, WHO EDUCATED CHARLES CHAPLIN, ESQ.?

**A few (selected) Headmasters of Kennington Schools, who, undismayed by the fact that he went to some other school altogether, still have the most clear and vivacious memories of his life and manners while under their tuition!**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



*Photograph* *Farringdon Photo Co.*

**DID HE SEE OUR FRONTISPIECE LAST WEEK?**

**Mr. Lloyd George poses with his first catch, a small trout from the river Kerry, where he has been fishing with his son and two secretaries**

*[Our frontispiece last week depicted Mr. Lloyd George endeavouring to land the fish of "Peace," with Mr. de Valera standing by, watching him play it]*

### A Surprise

THE meeting of the Cabinet at Inverness came as a tremendous surprise to most of us. Nobody in this generation, at any rate, has ever heard of a Cabinet meeting being held anywhere except in Downing Street, and there were some old-fashioned folk who wondered when they heard of the summons of the deciding Council of the realm to the remote North, whether such a gathering would be legal outside Whitehall.

But what could be more sensible? The King was at Moy Hall, staying with The Mackintosh, the Prime Minister and the majority of the other members of the Cabinet were a-pleasuring in Scotland, so why should everybody speed to the South only to speed North again after the meeting?

### An Odd Parallel

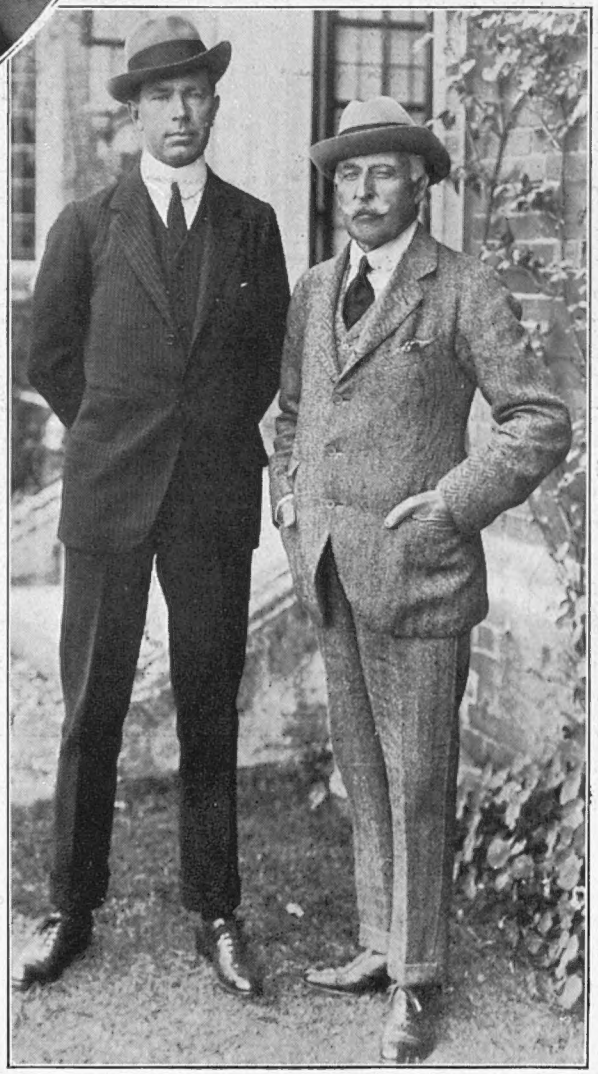
THERE is not a scrap of similarity between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Beaconsfield, and yet have you noticed how closely the history of the ultra-Conservative Benjamin Disraeli is being repeated by his successor from Wales? At the outset of his political career Disraeli was distrusted profoundly by the peers, especially by the dukes. Yet he became their bulwark and an honoured guest in their houses. We of this day know what little cause the dukes had to love Mr. Lloyd George, but now Blair Atholl throws wide its doors to welcome him, and the Duke of Atholl has had the opportunity of showing our First Minister that Scottish mountain sides and "forests" are not so easily adapted to agriculture as he used to imagine!

The man who suggested that class hatred would cease if every peer made a point of entertaining Labour Leaders and Republican theorists may have been a cynic. But there was a grain of truth in the suggestion.

### Mackenzie of Seaforth

WHO would ever have prophesied that stately Brahan Castle would have given hospitality to an English Prime Minister and most of the members of his Cabinet? Its owner, who has been created Lord Seaforth for his services in the War—a title held by many of his forebears—is head of the Mackenzies. Locally he has had no change of name. He was Mackenzie of Seaforth, and although to the outer world he was Colonel Mackenzie, in the North of Scotland he was always spoken of and addressed as "Seaforth," just as the late Mr. Davidson of Tulloch was always "Tulloch."

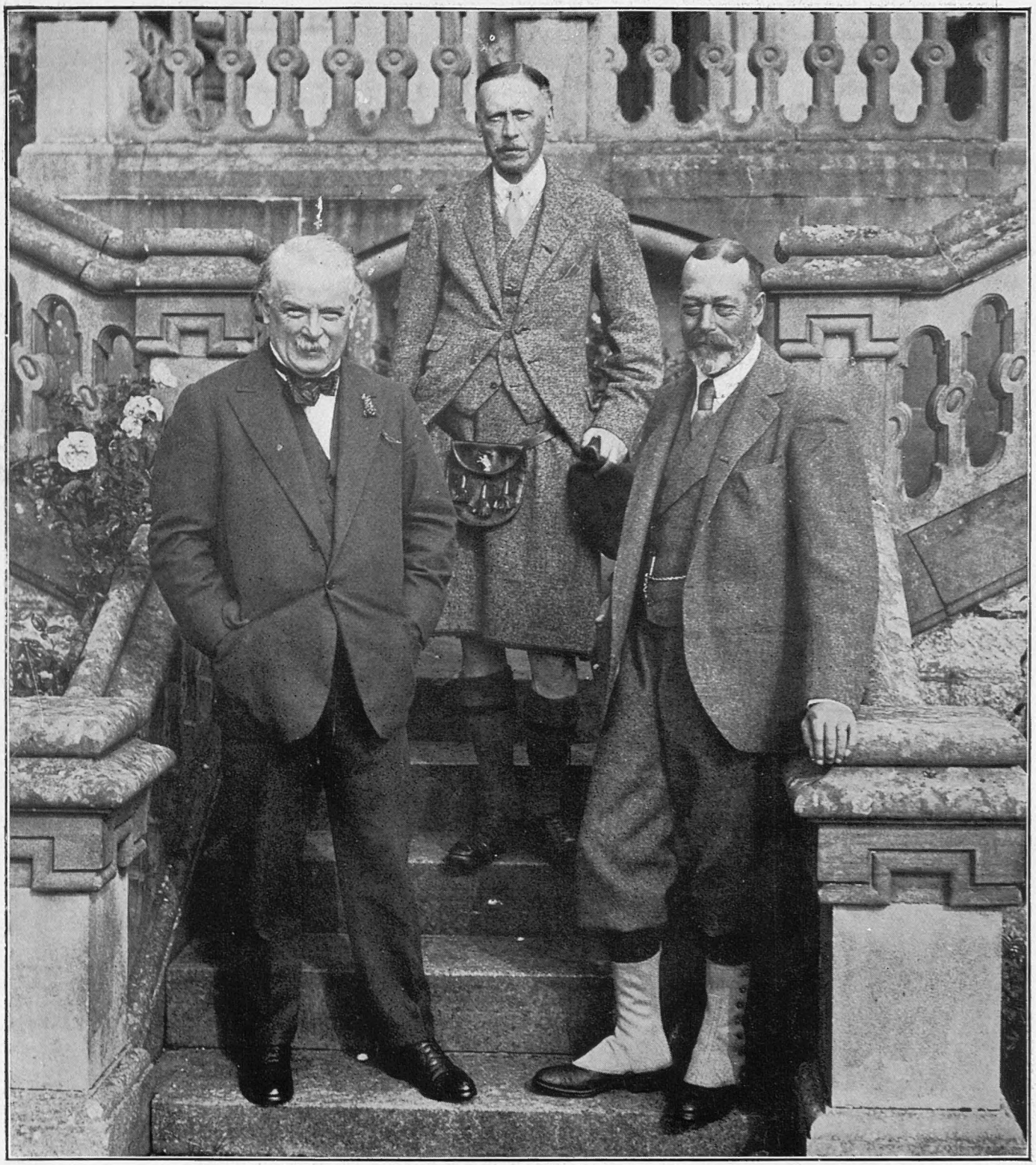
Lady Seaforth was the daughter of the late Mr. Steinkopf, who made a great fortune out of Apollinaris Water and Kops's Ale, and at one time owned the now defunct *St. James's Gazette*. As head of the clan Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth is very jealous of his rights. There was a great pother a year or so ago because a lady, born a Mackenzie, insisted upon using the Mackenzie supporters in her coat of arms. No woman, I believe, may use supporters unless she is a peeress in her own right, like the Countess of Cromartie, who is a clanswoman of Lord Seaforth. There was much talk in the Seaforth country of Lord Seaforth and the lady who wanted to have the Mackenzie supporters carved upon her lodge gates going to law. A Southron can't understand what these nice points mean to the old Highland families.



*Photograph* *Russel, London*

**THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT**

**Who has been staying at his daughter's (Lady Patricia Ramsay) house at Bagshot Park with his son-in-law, the Crown Prince of Sweden, who has now left England with his children. The Crown Prince married the Duke of Connaught's elder daughter, Princess Margaret, who died last year**



*Photograph]* AN HISTORIC CONFERENCE *[Central News*

**His Majesty the King, Mr. Lloyd George, and The Mackintosh of Mackintosh who is entertaining the King and Queen at Moy Hall. This photograph was taken immediately after Mr. Lloyd George's breakfast conference with the King, lasting two hours**

## Holidays and Hungary

EVERYBODY this year seems to be taking their holiday in September, probably because Parliament rose—or, to be more correct, was adjourned—so late. The French watering-places are still crowded with English folk, and I hear that at Aix-les-Bains you are lucky if you can either get a bed, a convenient hour for your daily "cure" at the *établissement*, and one of the historic *chaises à porteur* to carry you to and from your bedroom and the bath.

On the Italian lakes every other person you meet is English, and there are already a surprising number of people on the Riviera. All this flitting abroad mustn't be construed into opulence. It is the reverse of that medal. The exchange in France and Italy is so much in our favour that despite increased railway fares and hotel tariffs a holiday abroad represents a considerable saving on a holiday at home.

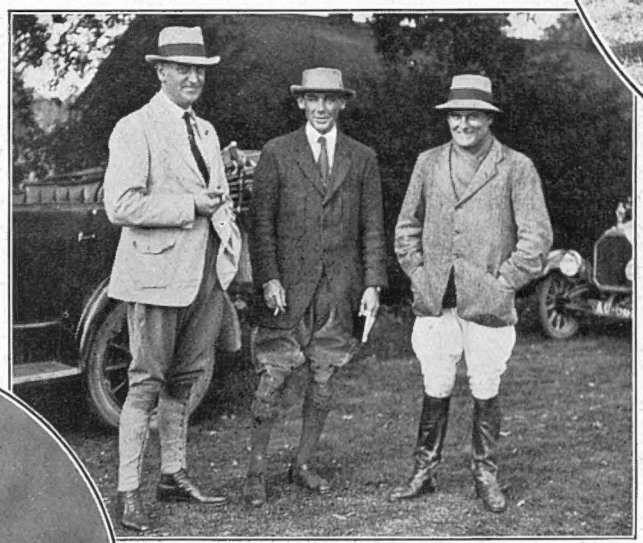
But if you have friends in Hungary you can exist in comfort for months at the cost of your railway fares and tips. Before the War a friend of mine had a considerable acquaintance amongst the Hungarian nobility, generally spending a month or six weeks on a round of visits amongst them during the autumn. Last April she went to

*Photograph* MISS EVA STANHOPE [*Bertram Park*

**The only daughter of the late Hon. and Mrs Lincoln Edwin Stanhope, a niece of the Earl of Harrington, whose marriage takes place to-morrow, September 15, at Elveston Church, Elveston Castle (the seat of the Earl of Harrington), to Mr. Bertram Marion-Crawford, the son of the novelist**

Buda-Pesth to see a close friend of hers who had escaped from Russia. The friend died through privations and hardships, but my friend is still in Hungary, and she doesn't expect to return to England this year!

Ever since her friend died in May this lady has been going from castle to castle, staying with old and new acquaintances. She tells me that although the state and circumstance in which the Magyar nobles formerly lived has disappeared they lack absolutely nothing in the way of material comforts, and that so far their houses and estates have been untouched. The only change seems to be that they go no longer to Buda-Pesth, and concentrate entirely in their country homes. Visitors are, therefore, especially welcome. They are expected to stay for weeks on end, and only allowed to depart upon a promise to return. My friend says, "I feel like a star actress, 'booked up with return dates,' and I believe I could go on to the end of my days just paying visits in Hungary."



*Photograph* *Topical Press*

**POLO AT RUGBY**

**The Rugby September Polo Week, finishing last Saturday, was a great success. Above is a snapshot of Dr. O'Rielly, Major P. W. Nickalls, and the Hon. K. Mackay, the latter helping Rugby to several victories**

*Photograph* *C. Vandyk*

**A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR**

**Mr. John Quiller Rowett, of Ely Place, Frant, Sussex, who has made the Shackleton Expedition possible by financing this, Sir Ernest's new venture, which leaves next week**

### Reproof Royal

A MARKED scantiness of attire o' evenings has fallen into disfavour with the *beau sexe*, so when the daughter of a hundred earls appeared recently at a dance in the Highlands in a garment which was like a *decree nisi* because it left so little to the imagination, there were gasps of dismay so heartfelt as to be audible.

*Photograph* *Farringdon Photo Co.*

**LADY DIANA SOMERSET**

**On her winning hunter, "Eve," at the Bath Horse Show last week. Lady Diana is the younger daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and hunts a great deal with her father's pack**

A member of the Royal family was present at the dance — those twins, tact and discretion, forbid me to mention any names. The lady's rank made it essential that he should dance with her.

"You look so cool," he said, "that you make me feel quite hot."

"Hot, sir?" cried the scantily clad one, "I don't understand."

"Well, you see, I'm blushing so much," came the answer. Then the lady *did* understand.

### Much Entertaining

YORKSHIRE and the racing folk let themselves go over Doncaster. Everybody with a house in

the neighbourhood seemed to have guests, including such un-racing folk as Cassandra, Countess of Rosse, at Womersley Park, and my Lord Viscount Halifax at Hickleton Hall. But the smallness of these house-parties is a sign of the times.

Lord and Lady Astor were with Lord Scarborough at Sandbeck Park. Lady Mary Cambridge and her cousin, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, were likewise of the party. Lady Ursula is a close relative of the house of Scarborough through her grandmother, Lady Grosvenor, who was Lady Sibell Lumley before her marriage to Lord Grosvenor, the eldest son of the late Duke of Westminster. Lady Mary Cambridge's mother, the Marchioness of Cambridge (so long known as the Duchess of Teck), was the late Lord Grosvenor's sister, and the youngest of the late Duke of Westminster's

*Photograph* *Central News*

**AN UNWELCOMED WINNER**

**When Polemarch passed the post first in the St. Leger last week not a cheer or clap could be heard—nothing but the joyous shouts of the "bookies." Lord Londonderry is seen leading in his horse, with J. Childs up, after the race**

family by his first wife, the beautiful Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, one of the bevy of daughters of the second Duke of Sutherland, who all made great matches.

### Humour in the Tube

OLD gentlemen who still cling to their especial chair at the club will tell you that motor-driven vehicles have swept away much humour in our comings and goings. "Has anybody ever heard a motor-bus driver make a witty *repartee*?" they will ask you, "And do you ever get anything but surliness or impudence from a taxicab driver?"

I'm rather afraid these old gentlemen are right in a measure, but humour is not wholly gone from those who direct us in our public journeyings. A night or two ago I was in a crowded Tube lift. The attendant was about to close the gates when a stalwart person presented himself, so generous in waist outline that one was reminded of the little boy who, after gazing at an extremely corpulent alderman, said, "Oh, mummy, *do* look at that gentleman. Is he making a bow-window for fun?"

As I have said, the lift was crowded. "Move down in front, please!" called the attendant. The request was obeyed. Then looking at the space set clear, followed by a measuring glance at the portly gentleman's dimensions, the lift man said, "Just another half inch, if you please!"

### A Boche Libeller

IT is astonishing what you can see when you make up your mind beforehand, especially if you are a Boche. A Teuton has been bursting forth in a Berlin newspaper on the "English River Girl." This is what he saw on the Thames, "What strikes me most is the complete lack of sport in this aspect of riverside life. There is nowhere a sporting boat to be seen" (he must have turned his head the other way every time one passed). "The Thames is one long flirtation, which is, no doubt, in harmony with the joys of life and nature, but has only the slightest connection with the English people's much-vaunted activities in sport. It is quite possible to be a charming river girl without forgetting river sports in riverside flirtations."

What do you think of that, ye nymphs of the Thames?

*Photograph* *Compton Collier*

**STAGE ROMANCE**

**Major George Thirlwall Philipson and his bride, Miss Nellie Briercliffe, who made her name with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, after their wedding at the Parish Church of St. Mary Bourne, near Andover**

*Photograph* *Alfieri Picture Service*

**MR. J. A. GRAHAM**

**Of the Royal Engineers, son of Col. M. B. Graham, C.B., C.M.G., and aide-de-camp to the King, with his bride, Miss Carew-Hunt**

# A Day with the Devon and Somerset

THE MEET AT HADDON

A comparatively large field attended this recent meet of the Devon and Somerset just near Tiverton, where some good sport was obtained

THE MASTER

Colonel Wiggin with the harbourer, Mr. Goss, before moving off to the Exe Valley, where a stag was roused in the neighbouring woodland

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

HOUNDS AND HUNTSMEN

On the wonderful Devon moors. After a fairly exciting run, a stag was eventually killed at Bridgetown. She carried a head of three and two atop

# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *September* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

I WONDER why so many of us, or, anyway, some of us, so often seem to have a way of rather *trying* to think the worst of each other—especially, somehow, if the other happens to be someone rather more popular or better known to fame?

卐 卐

AM led into this p'raps somewhat moralising train of thought through having just read one of the books of the moment, Mr. Harold Nicolson's brilliant and (what's rather rare in biographies and things) really most absorbing book about that strange and (in Victorian days, I believe) almost unmentionable French poet, Paul Verlaine. Who lived in squalor, and drank simply heaps and heaps of absinthe, and all the rest of it, and yet . . .

"One of the books of the moment"

卐 卐

AND yet, how simple he really was, this much-denounced decadent of the various vices, who wrote those classically lovely and simple lines:

Il pleure dans mon cœur,
Comme il pleut sur la ville—

and sang softly about the moon (as, I suppose, every poet's got to), of how:

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée. . . .
O bien-aimée!

Of which (nice and short) lines, I imagine, even the very feeblest French scholar of us all would hardly need a translation, so simple and plain and gentle they are.

卐 卐

AND of this same frightfully dissipated horrible-warning of a genius, it's also recorded that "one evening Eugénie came home with a bottle of liquid gold paint, and Verlaine spent happy hours gilding everything—the chairs, the table, his pen-holders, and even the canary's cage. 'I am Midas,' he would say to his friends, 'and whatever I touch turns to gold.'" Rather nice and silly and foolish, and, after all, human—what?

卐 卐

I WONDER, by the way, if perhaps we are just a *shade* too inclined sometimes to attribute some sort of complicated and lurid and Satanic-like qualities to our great men (mere plain domestic virtues being, of course, much too fearfully dull). And whether, if we all really realised that Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, Lord Curzon, Mr. de Valera, the ex-Kaiser, the Moplahs, and even Islington's unemployed, have their meals in the ordinary way and are ruled by their wives (if any), and have to go to bed when bedtime comes, and get up when they're called, and are distinctly peevish if wakened too early . . . would that, I wonder, dim at all the halo of dignity and importance that surrounds these (and other) leading figures of the great movements of the moment? Once more, I wonder.

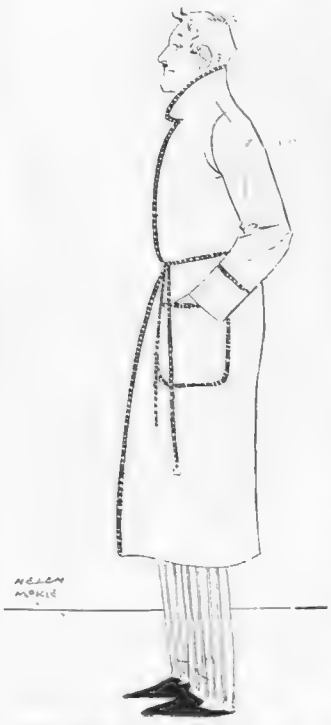
卐 卐

NO, I'm not being frivolous—but I've just been taking a course of the modern poets, who, after all, do help one to understand things, don't they? Poetry, as Mr. Robert Lynd says, is that which reminds one of reality, and that we live in a world not merely of twenty-four-hour days, but of great occasions. . . . The function of poetry is to make the life of man more full and real. . . . It enables

"And are ruled by their wives"

## "IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

him to escape out of the make-believe existence of everyday, in which, perhaps, an employer seems more huge and imminent than God, and to explore reality, where God and love and beauty and life and death are seen in truer proportions. . . .



"'The cold, leaf-picking wind' that starts the morning off"

卐 卐

BUT art offers us not only an escape from life, but an escape into life. . . . It is imagination that cleanses the scales from our eyes, and awakens our senses to the real things that surround us. We cannot fall in love without imagination, or become good citizens conscious of our citizenship, or enjoy the song of a robin, or the beauty of a rose. Friendship, patriotism, love of father, mother, and children, love of nature — none of these can exist without imagination. Where there is no imagination, there is cruelty, selfishness, death. . . .

卐 卐

AND the poets, you know, are simply extraordinarily and refreshingly simple—the modern ones, anyway. Such lovely *ordinary* sorts of things they write about. I mean, when your brain's all in a whirl and a dither, trying to understand what the very latest Dail decree on Ireland's glorious future really means, or delving into the mysteries of Moplah risings or Melilla revolts or the weights for next month's Cesarewitch—rather a joy to turn to, for instance, Mr. W. H. Davies, topically and rustically and peacefully murmuring:

Welcome to you, rich Autumn days,
Ere comes the cold, leaf-picking wind;
When golden stooks are seen in fields
All standing arm-in-arm entwined.

卐 卐

"THE cold, leaf-picking wind" aforesaid, that starts the morning off, does, at least, give one rather a bit of an extra appetite, doesn't it? for one's eggs and bacon, whether eaten in Town or in the luxurious ease of holidays in the country or by the sea. And when the day gradually mellows and ripens, and the sky grows blue and the air a wonderful crystal clear with all the radiance and none of the stuffiness of midsummer, I'm not sure that September isn't really the best month of all, either to work or be idle in!

卐 卐

QUITE a cheerful month in London now, anyway. Cheered, for one thing, by the rather delightful new humours of the Chauve-Souris at the Pavilion, which are going to be, I believe, one of the successes of the autumn season. And there are lots more plays coming on, and oysters are in again, and some one says (only I don't believe it) that food prices are coming down, and Hall Caine and Marie Corelli have both and each and severally produced between them a couple of entirely new masterpieces . . .

卐 卐

AND Mr. Lloyd George has been hob-nobbing with Dukes, and some day we're to have supper after the theatre again, and Winston's going to publish his memoirs, and someone's invented a way of clearing London of smoke, and someone else has devised a Tank that swims, and there's to be a big autumn trade revival—so they say.

卐 卐

"Some day we're to have supper after the theatre again"

BEST news of all, p'raps—the dance places in Town really are starting to open again, after their summer rest-cures. Even the clubs, like the Grafton, where there's to be a new season of every-night dances in those delightful picture-hung rooms from the 24th of this month as ever is. And the Riviera, I hear, is re-opening next month with all sorts of improvements, and Ciro's is going strong with its Sherbo band. . . . Some compensation, even when the sun shines its brightest, for even those of us who are sojourning perforce and not by choice here in London now

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

# A Reverberating Reputation

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"He hasn't much of a reputation to speak of, has he?"
"Well, not above a whisper!"

A TRIFLE WITHOUT TRUTH: THE FISHING STORY

By Victor Hicks

## HAIR VERSUS ARIAS

[*A musical critic states that "girls who cover their ears with their hair cannot properly hear themselves sing."*]

THE modern maid who lets her locks
Conceal her ears avoids the shocks
Distributed by vocal crocks
Who set the welkin ringing—
Expert authorities have found
She cannot even hear the sound
Produced when SHE is singing.

Contraltos who can NOT "contralt,"
Sopranos whose outstanding fault
Is trying for the C in alt,
And never getting near it,
Have very little cause to quail
Or blench before the horrid wail—
They cannot really hear it!

For curls that haunt a lover's dreams
Are sound and discord-proof, it seems,
Against the loudest, flattest screams
That make a man's despair grow. . . .
Therefore, before I call again
On Angela, I think it's plain,
That I must let my hair grow!

—E. L. ROBERTS

By Leonard P. Dowd

THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE MAGAZINE COVER

## FROM OUR PESSIMIST

REPORTS from Darjeeling record "trouble in the tea-gardens." This is just where one would *expect* to find it "brewing"!

* * * *

HUNDREDS of Americans are stated to be undergoing "rejuvenation" by being inoculated with "goat gland." Even if they do become a still younger nation, we fancy they'll find there's a "butt" in it somewhere!

* * * *

THREATENED Showers Keep Off, says a headline. So there *is* some use in threatening them after all!

* * * *

SIR ERIC GEDDES was recently fined £3 and costs at Reigate for motoring at 40 m.p.h. We don't expect the £3 worried him overmuch, though it is untrue to say that he indulged in "Transports" of delight at the verdict!

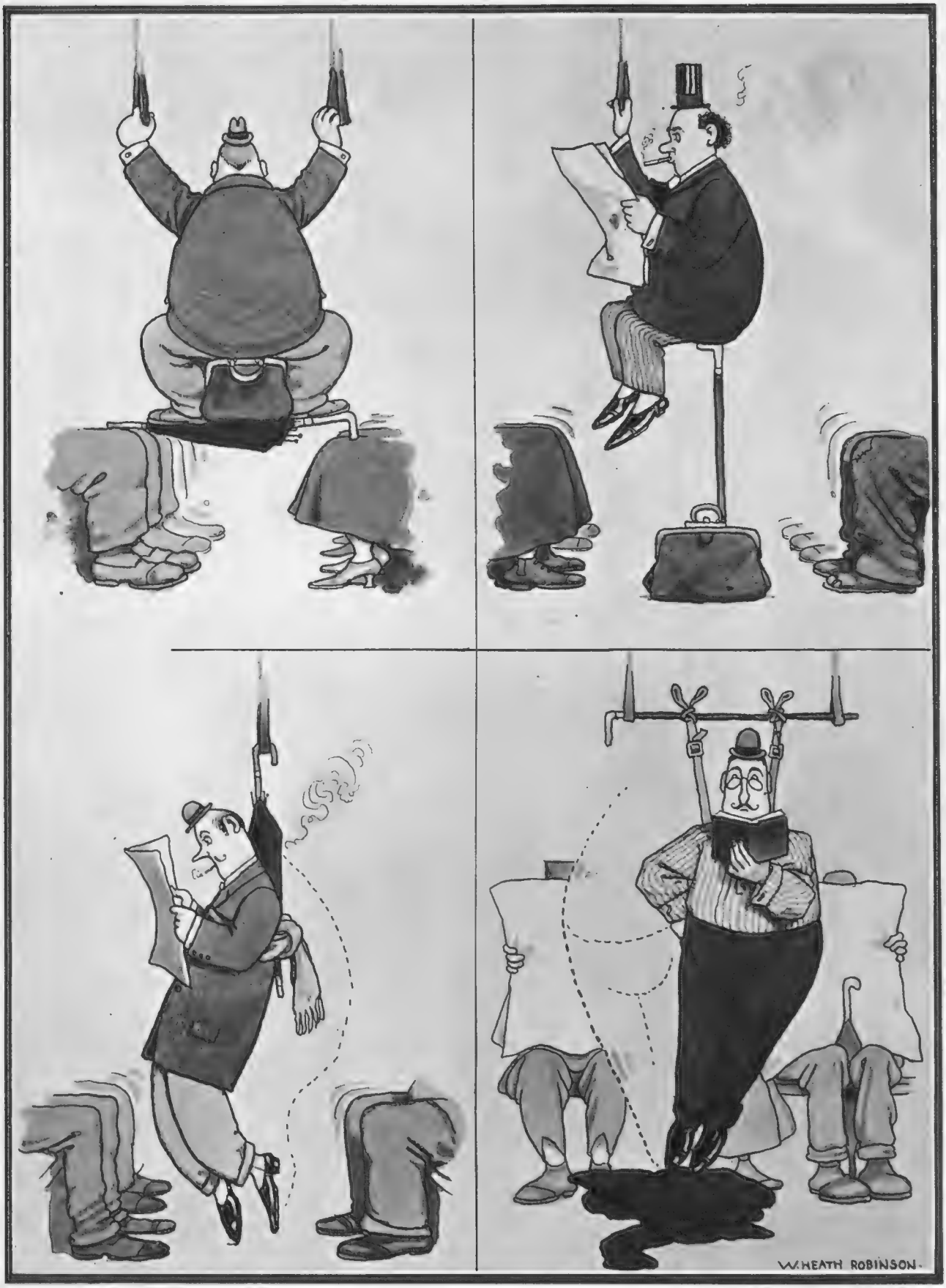
* * * *

"ALL girls," says a fashion-writer, "attach a good deal of importance to stockings." We cannot help reflecting what a "come down" it would be if they didn't "attach"—er—something else to 'em as well!

* * * *

"WHILST we, clinging to the fetish of cheapness, grasp at the penny under our noses, the German sees the sovereign lying afar off."—Mr. T. B. JOHNSTON. We expect Mr. Johnston will hear from the Kaiser about this!

# How to Straphang



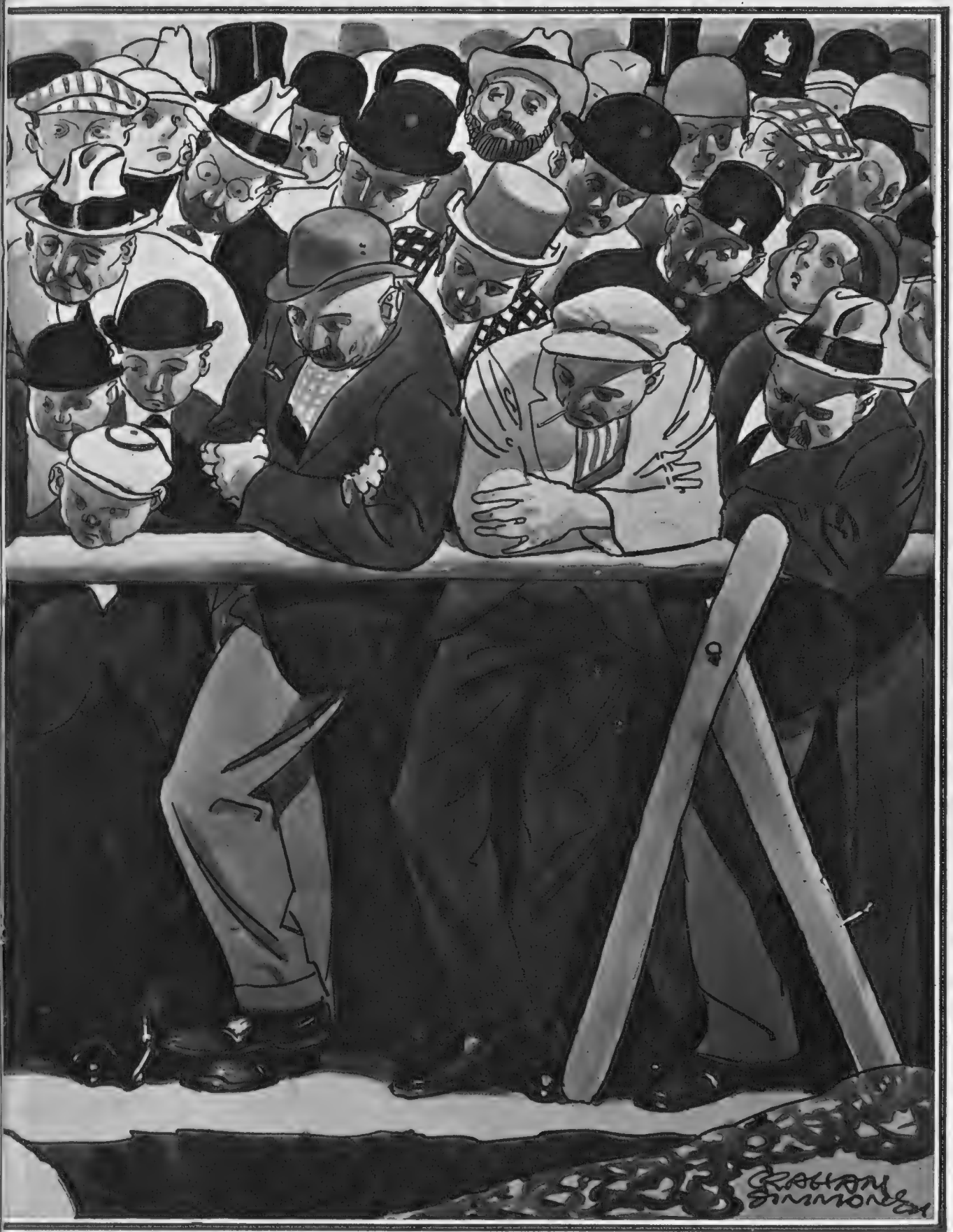

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A FEW HINTS IN CASE WE DON'T GET ENOUGH NEW BUSES AND TRAINS

# A "Dole"rous

"SOMEBODY'S GOT

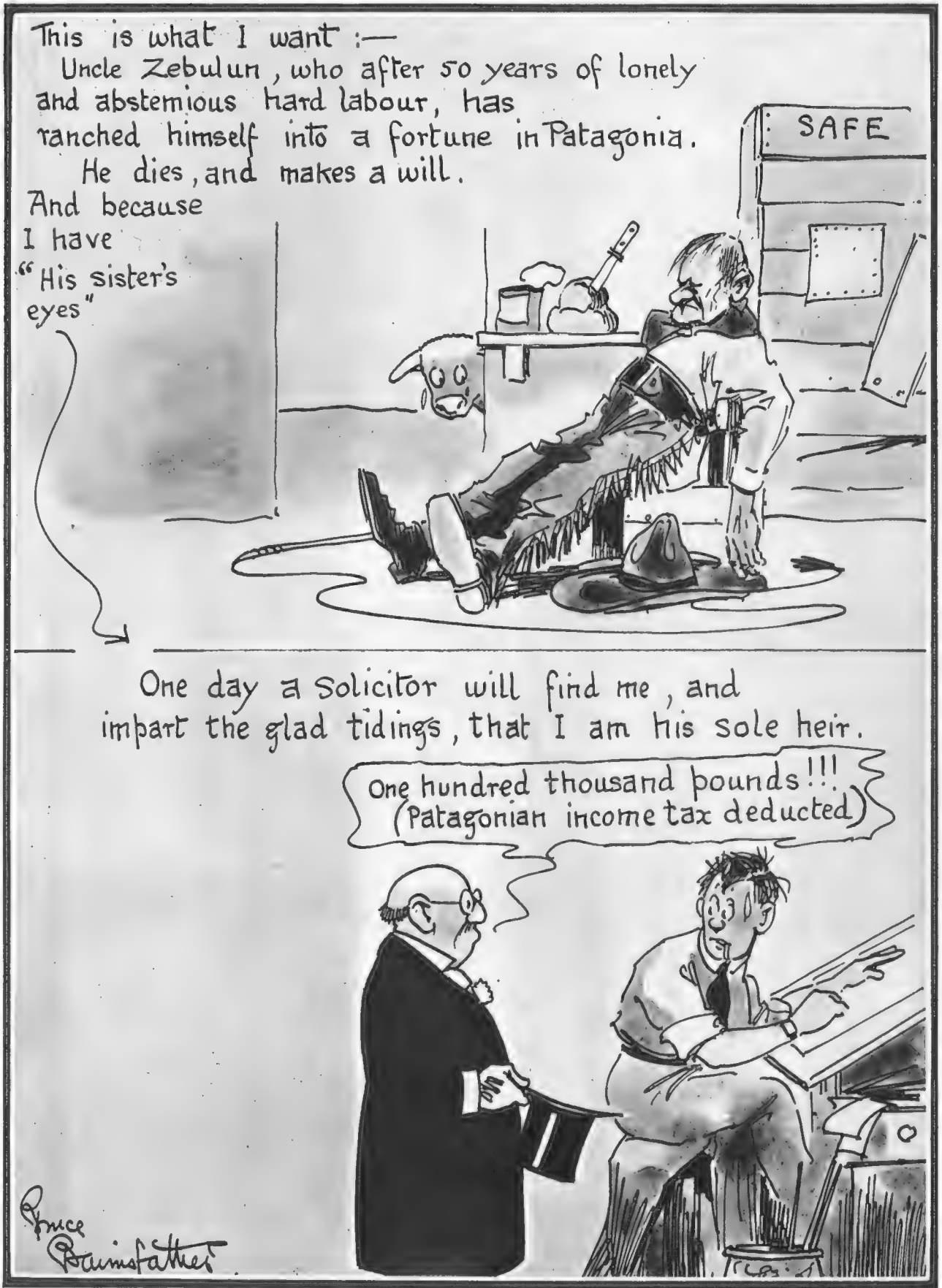
# Outlook




BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

A JOB TO DO"

# Fiction Friends




BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE NEVER-HEARD-OF NUNCKY

# "HOUSE" SPORTSMEN

## Members of the Stock Exchange who Excel in Sport

COMPARATIVELY few people are aware to what a large extent the Stock Exchange is composed of men who in the past have greatly distinguished themselves, or are still distinguishing themselves, in practically every branch of sporting activity. There are, indeed, few, if any, institutions which, through their members, are so representative of the sport of the country as is the Stock Exchange. The truth of this, I am convinced, will be borne out by what follows.

DEALING first of all with the all-round sportsmen in the "House"—as it is familiarly spoken of by members—sportsmen, that is, who have shown proficiency in more than one branch of sport, we may begin with that fine cricketer and old Surrey captain, Mr. K. J. Key. Mr. Key led Surrey for several years, and with conspicuous success, but he was somewhat more than a good cricketer, for in addition to securing his cricket Blue at Oxford (1884-7 inclusive) he gained a "Rugger" Blue in the winter season of 1896. Then there is Mr. R. H. S. Baiss, who not only gained his Rugby Blue as a half-back, but assisted Oxford in the 1895 Bandy match, and later played for Kent at cricket.

WELL-KNOWN OWNER
Mr. W. Raphael, a very popular member of the Stock Exchange, who has had such phenomenal success in the "Classics"

MR. A. P. LUCAS
Who, as a cricketer, has played for his University (Cambridge), and later for Surrey, Middlesex and Essex

*Photographs* *Sport and General*
FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS PLAYER
Mr. R. J. McNair, who captained, for the third time, our Davis Cup Team this year

IT is in regard to cricket, perhaps, more than to any other sport that the Stock Exchange possesses the greatest distinction. For in addition to the before-mentioned there are associated with the House to-day such fine cricketers as Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, who, besides representing Oxford from 1893 to 1896 inclusive, being captain in the latter year, also rendered useful service to Kent cricket; his brother, Mr. E. C. Mordaunt, who has assisted both Middlesex and Kent; Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, an old Oxford and Surrey captain; Mr. A. P. Lucas (Cambridge University, Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex), Mr. H. C. Pilkington (Oxford University and Middlesex), Mr. C. C. Pilkington (Oxford University, Lancashire, and Middlesex), Mr. H. R. Bromley-Davenport (Cambridge University, Cheshire, and Middlesex), Mr. F. P. Knox (Oxford University and Surrey), Mr. J. H. Stogdon (Cambridge University and Middlesex), Mr. H. H. Cobb (Middlesex—a splendid skater also, by the way), Mr. H. B. Hayman (Middlesex), Mr. C. V. Baker (Middlesex), Mr. J. J. Read (Essex), Mr. A. H. Read (Essex), Mr. G. E. C. Wood (Cambridge University and Kent and a prospective England wicket-keeper), and Mr. J. A. Knight, who, if one is not mistaken, is the father of Mr. D. J. Knight, the Oxford and Surrey cricketer.

RUGBY football also gives us a goodly list, including Mr. G. Fraser, who played for England *v.* Scotland in 1902, *v.* Ireland in 1902-3, and *v.* Wales in 1902-3; Mr. W. M. Macleod, who represented Scotland against both

## "HOUSE" SPORTSMEN (*concluded*)

MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER
A member of the Stock Exchange, who is well known at Hurlingham and Roehampton

Ireland and Wales in 1886; Mr. F. M. Stoop (England) *v.* Scotland, 1910, *v.* Ireland and France, 1911, and *v.* South Africa, 1913; Mr. R. E. Godfrey (England) *v.* New Zealand, 1906; Mr. Arthur Spurling (England) *v.* Ireland, 1882; and Mr. J. F. A. Swanston, who played for Cambridge University in the late 'nineties.

COMING to rowing, we find that the House boasts several members who have very greatly distinguished themselves, for amongst the "Blues" who have taken part in the Inter-'Varsity Boat Race are found the names of Mr. F. I. Pitman, who stroked the Cambridge crews of 1884, 1885 and 1886—in the first and last year successfully; Mr. G. D. Rowe, who was in the Oxford crews of 1879 and 1880; Mr. M. C. Pilkington, who rowed for Oxford in 1893-4-5; Mr. Guy Nickalls, who was in the Oxford crews of 1887-8-9-90-1; Mr. C. D. Barnett, who rowed for Oxford in 1895-6-7-8; and Mr. Harcourt G. Gold, the celebrated Oxford stroke and coach, who rejoined the Stock Exchange last year. In addition there is Mr. Guy Rixon, a well-known member of the Kingston Rowing Club, and Mr. C. F. H. Greenwood, of the London Rowing Club.

PROMINENT members in the lawn tennis world are Messrs. R. J. McNair, G. A. Caridia, A. D. Prebble, C. S. Gordon Smith, J. B. Ward, R. D. Poland, W. P. Havilard, and last, but by no means least, Mr. B. I. C. Norton, who, although not an actual member of the House, is yet associated with the Stock Exchange. In lacrosse the House is represented by Mr. Charles Newman and Mr. David Basan, the last-named, a member of the London Athletic Club, being also a useful track athlete, who even to-day is in the habit of appearing in veteran races, and with a fair amount of success.

*Photographs* *Sport and General*
AN EX-SURREY CAPTAIN
Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who has been seen a great deal in the cricket field this year

OTHER distinguished athletes are Mr. T. E. Hammond, who, doubtless in commemoration of his several successes in the London to Brighton walks, has called his house at Muswell Hill "Brighton"; Mr. A. E. D. Anderson, and Mr. P. J. Keane. One may be sure that the Stock Exchange could have desired no fitter representative of polo than Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, or "Buck," as he is affectionately called; in skating it is represented by Mr. Harold Maurice Morris, a past winner of the Stock Exchange Championship, and Mr. Herbert Clarke; in golf by Mr. Neil Mure Fergusson and Mr. J. S. Worthington; in hockey by Mr. S. H. Shoveller, the famous English International centre-forward, who, though not actually a member, is connected with the House; in swimming by Mr. N. B. May; in shooting by Sir Robert Walham Inglis and Mr. Maurice Blood; in billiards by Mr. George Hill, Mr. W. H. L. Goolden, and Mr. Colin Smith, all past winners of the Stock Exchange Championship; and in racing by Messrs. W. Raphael, Lionel G. Robinson, William Clark, Walter Frisby, C. T. Pulley, and Hugh P. Nickalls.

A FAMOUS OAR
Mr. Guy Nickalls, an old Oxford "Blue," who will probably coach Yale next year

R.C.REED

# An (Old) Masterly Delusion

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"That's Combustus Bohn, he wants five thousand for his picture"
"Good Lord! He must think he's dead!"

# Chauve-Souris

## M. Balieff, the Dictator of the Bat Theatre, Moscow

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

THE story of the company of the Chauve Souris Theatre in Moscow, which is now enthralling London, is one of the most astounding stories in the history of the theatre, just as the personality of M. Nikita Balieff, its founder and director, is one of the most amazing ever seen on the British stage.

Years ago, when directing the Arts Theatre in Moscow, Balieff and his artistic friends started to frequent an underground restaurant near the theatre: in this cellar there grew a mushroom of art that sprang up in a night.

They would spend half the night there singing and dancing to amuse each other, and the place was open only to actors and their intimate friends. Then, gradually, the famous art people of Moscow joined in. Even the great Chaliapin, the depth of whose bass voice is equalled by the dignity of his acting, would be a waiter and serve his fellow artistes while he sang. Gorky has been there, and half the great Russian writers, whose names are now world-famous.

Then the thing grew and the public were gradually allowed in. Princes of the imperial blood became frequenters and half the nobility, and half the wealth of the Russia that was, could be found there, night after night, paying to see a show Montmartrean in its originality but possessing genius greater than the sacred hill ever knew.

THE SNUFF BOXES OF THE GRAND RUSSIAN SEIGNEURS
The Shah of Persia
*Sketch by Soudeikine*

THEN darkness descended upon the earth, and there came War, a great catastrophe that, later on, was followed by one even worse. There had been bloodshed in the trenches and the marches and the plains; but now death came in the streets. No one's life was sacred, and the world as it was known was upside down. In that hell which Bolshevism is, the little company of players belonging to the Bat Theatre, as they called it, found their genius stifled; they suffered also the tortures of hunger while the spectre of want grew ever bigger in the land.

One by one, they escaped and, towards the end of last year, they reached Paris—penniless, unknown, ruined. With an idea of raising money to live on, they started with their show and, much to their surprise, they found themselves the idols of Paris.

Now Mr. Charles B. Cochran has engaged them, and the London Pavilion, in the heart of the world, is now their home.

THE Chauve Souris entertainment is like some revues, in the sense that it consists of a series of single turns unconnected by a plot, but the difference between it and most revues is that its art is more intimate and its appeal is more personal. Although most of the programme is spoken or sung in Russian, you feel, unknown, though, that language is to you, that the artistes are playing just for you.

Seven men dressed as toy soldiers merely march across the stage, and yet so perfect is the art of the producer that you scream with laughter. There are songs taken from the compositions of half the great composers of the world. Each one is exquisitely set in a framework of artistry.

But, greatest artist of them all, is the showman, Balieff himself. Before each item he comes before the curtain in evening dress and explains to the audience in broken English what is to follow. Before a number called "The Black Hussars," in which officers sing after dinner, he explains by saying:

"Next nomber Black Uzzah. Sing. Black Uzzah used sing. Now Trotsky's Red Uzzah. Red Uzzah not sing. They Ow-l-l-l-l-l."

How ridiculous this is! In wording it is brainless. And yet, done by Balieff, it becomes genius.

Fifteen numbers they are doing now, and on the first night the theatre was full—not only with what Fashion and Brain there is left in London at the beginning of September, but with scores of Russian people who, refugees from the horrors of their own country, sat there feasting their eyes upon the memories of the Russia they used to know . . . . . .

And, in the centre of the world, alone on a stage, in front of a velvet curtain Balieff was standing, making us laugh in our manhood, like as children we laughed at a circus clown.

WATER COLOUR BY SOUDEIKINE FOR THE COSTUMES OF "KATINKA"

WATER COLOUR BY SOUDEIKINE FOR THE COSTUMES OF "BABI" (THE RUSSIAN PEASANT)

# THE LEGION OF HONOUR

## AT THE ALDWYCH

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

One feature of this play that impressed me very much was the gorgeousness of some of the costumes. Usually, the chief concern of The MacMichael at a theatre these days is to find a red patch somewhere about the scenery so that he can hang a richly coloured drawing upon it; and his soul must have leapt within him when Mr. Claud Rains appeared in a bright scarlet coat, the tails of which reached nearly to his heels. Then again, towards the end of the play Mr. Basil Gill turned up in the uniform of a Marshal of France, which was decked out with colour of a luxuriousness that would have made Joseph's famous coat gasp for breath; while over the uniform he wore a cloak, the lining of which was so very scarlet that it made, as it were, a coloured supplement all by itself. We ought to get the red into the pictures this week all right. The uniform was, indeed, so gorgeous that when it blew in on us suddenly it got a round of applause on its own account. This was, perhaps, hardly complimentary to an actor of Mr. Basil Gill's high quality; but no doubt the audience was impressed by the dignified way in which he wore the glorious thing.

The play is founded on Baroness Orczy's novel of the same name, and most people are, therefore, doubtless familiar with the story. As you will know, it deals with the internal state of France, and especially of Normandy, in the year of grace 1806. In the first act the Marquise de Mortain returns to her rather dilapidated ancestral home after an absence of some years, during which time it has been occupied by Napoleon's soldiers as a billet, and the careless fellows have never once polished the furniture, or shaken the dust out of the sofa cushions. The cushions are brought on as evidence of the way they have been neglected, and you can see for yourself that they are very dusty. Incidentally, about this time the gardener is diligently occupied in brooming up one of the walks,

and the result of his over-zeal can hardly be welcome to those occupying the front rows of the stalls.

I seem to have wandered a little from my theme, and I beg leave, therefore, to go back and present Madame La Marquise de Mortain, a careful and artistic study by Miss Mary Rorke. The Marquise is all for King Louis; but her stepson, Ronnay de Maurel (usually pronounced "Ronny" in the piece), is an active supporter of the great Napoleon, who at that time is away in Prussia heaving cannon-balls and other hurtful missiles at the flower of the Prussian army. Ronnay owns a large factory at which these munitions of war are made; and it is, naturally, annoying to the Royalist Marquise to feel that a relative of hers is helping to strengthen the Usurper's hands. So she sends for her stepson in order to argue with him about it. Ronnay comes straight from the factory in his workman's blouse, which is, naturally, rather a shock to the Marquise, who might not unreasonably have been treated with a little more ceremony. It is all very well to talk of the dignity of labour and the marks of honest toil, but that is a job that can easily be overdone. I am myself a labouring man; but I rarely, if ever, pay afternoon calls with inkstains on my fingers. The Marquise's son, Laurent, the wearer of the dandyish red coat hereinbefore referred to, is foolish enough to make a personal matter of it. He is a slim frail youth, but he seems to foster the sad delusion that because he is an aristocrat he can knock a mere man of the people off his base with a single left-hander. But it is not so. The MacMichael is a bit of an aristocrat himself, but I feel sure he would think twice before attempting to thump, say, the lowly born Mr. Dempsey in the neck. Of course, the over-confident little dandy is downed in the first second or so; and only the intervention of Fernande saves him from being used to wipe a goodly patch of the garden path.

You must meet Fernande. She is a daughter of a neighbour of the Marquise, and while nominally Royalist she cannot disguise from herself the fact that Ronnay the Bonapartist is a fine figure of a man. Laurent, the dandy, is very much in love with her; but Ronnay has got the fine presence and the big banking account, so that it is easy to say which way the wind will blow when the breeze once gets

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS *(concluded)*

fairly started. We now come to the main purpose of the story. The problem before the Royalists is a rather difficult one. They want to seize Laurent's factory and hold it against Napoleon's artillery, so that they can send the cannon-balls to King Louis for indiscriminate use among the misguided people who are opposing his return to power. Among the most fervent of the Royalists is Baron de Ritter, a naturalised Prussian (and it used to be said that they were the worst !). The Baron is, of course, playing the old game of creating internal dissensions in the enemy country so that Napoleon will have to leave off knocking the poor Prussians about, and come back home to defend his rights. The scheme is, apparently, not obvious to the simple and confiding Marquise, who is clearly Royalist first and French afterwards. But in a historical play you don't have to worry about the hero's chances because you can refer to your books to see how the story ends ; and we know, as a matter of fact, that in 1806 Napoleon was doing rather well, considering the distinct slap he got the year before in Trafalgar's Bay.

By means of bribes the Prussian baron manages to cause disaffection among the workmen in the factory (how history does repeat itself to be sure !) ; and a night is fixed on which the disloyal workmen will take possession of the premises, and be extremely impolite to anyone who interferes with them. This is where Fernande is, to use the old phrase from the classics, up against it. She wants to be loyal to King Louis, but she can't see the man with whom she is in love, done to death without a word of warning. So she tries to compromise by creeping into the factory just when the fun is about to begin, and arguing with the chief conspirator. The story at this point becomes nicely thrilling.

WILLIAM LUGG AS COMTE DE COURSON

GWENDOLINE HAY AND BASIL GILL

The part is taken by Miss Gwendoline Hay, and is a performance of quite outstanding merit. Whether as the playful girl trying to attract Ronnay's affections, or the woman of action, calm and resolute in danger, Miss Hay is equally admirable. Mr. Basil Gill gives a performance as Ronnay which impresses by its strength from the first. His quietly masterful way of dealing with his disloyal workmen is most convincing, especially as it is entirely free from the exaggeration that is usual in such parts. Mr. Claud Rains, as the dandy Laurent, has not much to do except walk about in nice clothes and talk indiscreetly of love and politics, but he manages to crowd into his part all the individuality it will stand. The acting all round is, indeed, very good, but the dramatised version of the story is rather thin, and it takes such a long time to get to the exciting part.

JINGLE

# The Sunshine of "Suds"

*Photograph* *Abbe*

MARY PICKFORD

A beautiful "still" of this really great film actress as she appears in a screen version of "Hop o' Me Thumb" just released in London

# A Reverie

*Photograph* *Horace W. Nicholls*

THE END OF THE HOLIDAY

*(The Needles, Isle of Wight, can be seen on the left)*

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# THE WITCHING HOUR

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

"CUPID is dead. Long live the Lady Atropos!"

In the conservatory of the *Milan*, the speaker, a young man of the exquisite, "about-town" type, adjusted his monocle, and carried to his lips, with studied elegance, a whisky-and-soda.

The fat, morose man to whom the words were addressed reached out a podgy hand for his glass, and tasted, without animation, its contents. "The proprietor of this hotel," he grunted, "is *not* dead. May he die forthwith."

The elegant young man, who was Tony Kerr, raised an enquiring eyebrow.

"I was thinking," explained Dunkley, "of our present difficulty—of the difficulty that is always with us. In the course of an interesting life I have had much to do, at one time and another, with bills."

"Mostly with the owing of 'em, dear old bird," suggested Tony, helpfully.

"Mostly is right," admitted Dunkley, "and the simplest solution for the fellow who owes is the death of the creditor."

Tony nodded. "There's a good deal of the Neanderthal man about you, Dunks. At times you are horribly primitive. Talkin' of cupid, though——Beryl has thrown me over. I simply can't afford to buy a howitzer, dear old footler, so there'll be no inquest, with you to say that the accused was in great financial difficulties. Which reminds me. Leavin' the fascinatin' Beryl for the time . . . we are in the very deuce of a hole."

The fat man nodded. "The same hole. It's getting a habit with us. One of our ancestors must have been a rabbit, or a sewer-man, or something."

"Possibly," agreed Tony. "One of my own ancestors was in holy orders, anyway. Heredity is a cursed thing, Edward. I once knew a man who was awfully gone on stealing, and it transpired that his great grandfather had been a criminal advocate. But that isn't the point. The thing is, we have got to get out of the hole, as the ferret said to the rat. Now, I've——"

"Oh, Lord!" Dunkley's face fell considerably.

"Anything wrong, dear old caveman?" asked Tony.

"Not exactly. You've got another scheme, haven't you?"

"Why, yes. Anything funny about it?" Tony's speech was considerably iced.

Dunkley brushed away a fly, and peered around the conservatory, now deserted. "There was nothing funny about the others," he observed, "particularly the one which got me jailed. However, go on, let's hear the worst."

Tony gave his partner a reproachful glance. "You're an ungrateful devil, Dunks. Fat men are proverbially so. But, to return to Beryl. One always has to return to the woman in the case."

"Well?" said Dunkley, impatiently.

"She has, hidden away somewhere in the aristocratic purlieus of Berkeley Square, an indulgent male parent. From what I can gather, he's self-made, and loses the run of no end of aspirates and things, and he seems content just to play the part of the skeleton in the family cupboard. Anyway, the old lad's lines are set in pleasing places. He's rich . . . horribly rich. Fivers and war-bonds and what not grow out of his ears."

"Go on."

"Ever hear of Minton?"

"China, you mean?"

"The same. Well, the old man has a collection. It's so valuable that there's no need to mention the figure. The cabinet containing the half-dozen or so priceless vases is small. The window of the room which contains the cabinet is large. There is a dance to-night. Beryl was good enough to invite me. Sort of consolation prize in the matrimonial stakes, I suppose.

"To come, with suitable alacrity, to the point, the room which concerns us will be deserted. Later on, I will show you the window. Your part in the affair is to present yourself there as the clock strikes the witching hour. I shall hand to you the cabinet, which you will——hullo! . . . what was that?"

From behind the palm, in whose shadow the partners were seated, a figure emerged. It was a man, tall, of more than ordinarily distinguished appearance. He favoured the two, as he left the conservatory, with a level, penetrating glance.

Tony fumbled for his monocle, then dropped it nervously. "The blighter must have heard every word," he muttered. "Tell you what, dear old Edward . . . follow him! Whatever happens, we've got to go through with the giddy old biz."

. . . .

At 7 p.m. Dunkley returned thirstily to the American bar of the *Milan*. There, over a cocktail whose kick might well have unseated the toughest of bronchobusters, he described the post-conservatory conduct of the man with the penetrating eye.

"He went from here to the British Museum, then on to Hyde Park. He sat there for quite a while, watching people in what seemed to be an envious sort of way. Rum sort of cove. After that, he took a taxi, and I took another. I found myself, at the end of the journey, in Piccadilly, where he disappeared into the Criterion."

Tony beamed. "Then," he said, with relief, "the fellow can't have heard us. If he had, the chances are a thousand to one he'd have 'phoned the police. Well—I must vamoose. Got to be at the crush by 8.30 sharp. Don't want to disappoint Beryl. Remember . . . the witching hour. Walk past the door of number eight, turn left, and it's the fourth window along. Bye-bye, dear old conspirator."

Berkeley Square dances leave nothing to be desired. Even the rich crimson carpet, born on the kerb-edge, expiring beautifully under the nose of the suit of chain-mail

(All rights strictly reserved)

## "THE WITCHING HOUR" (*concluded*)

in the hall, holds itself aloof from the wet pavement with inimitable Berkeley Square aloofness. Tony trod this crimson way with emotions necessarily mixed from the effects of the mixed drinks in which he had indulged at the eleventh hour. Though his thoughts were bent mostly on the subject of Minton china, there was yet a small, crepe-swathed corner of his mind which mourned the lost Beryl. His expression, when, finally, he bowed wonderfully over her pink-tipped fingers, was remarkably fatuous; a flat contradiction of the theory of criminal types.

"My compliments, dear lady," he murmured. "Were I not handicapped by my soul's lack of poetry, I might contrive to do justice to your appearance."

"No poet," she told him, sweetly, "could hope to do justice to the innocence of yours."

In the ball-room, he almost forgot the object of his visit. To the charms of lovely woman he had ever been peculiarly susceptible, and it seemed that here were assembled the fairest blooms that ever the postman's rude knock plucked from a garden of dreams. Till 11.45, he danced deliriously. Then, with a shock, his mind reverted to the cabinet and its precious freight. A quick survey of the room showed him a sea of expensive humans, paired, and intent only on themselves. His exit was discretion with a large "D."

The corridor in which he found himself was not easily negotiable by one who had seen it but twice in daylight. Greatly daring, he switched on the lights. Behind him, as his fingers manipulated the switch, a door clicked. He turned, and confronted, with racing pulse, the tall man of the conservatory. It was a pregnant moment.

Did he know? Had he really overheard the conversation at the Milan, and, scorning to seek the assistance of the police, determined to act on his own initiative? To these questions, Tony answered in the negative, for the tall man, with that same polite but searching glance, disappeared through the door of the smoke-room.

Two seconds later, Tony had entered the room with the large window and the small cabinet. A neighbouring clock ushered in midnight as he raised the sash.

His hands were already on the cabinet when his ears caught the sound of a measured beating; a "pad," "pad," "pad," which had not been when he entered the room. It resolved itself as he listened into the sound of footsteps. A stealthy turning of the door-handle, an agony of care to avoid creaking, and he was able to peer out through the most modest of chinks. It seemed that the tall man was inevitable. He was pacing the corridor with deliberate, meditative strides. Occasionally, he scrutinised the door through which Tony was peering with a thoughtful glance.

The psychological moment arrived when he moved towards it. No longer was there any doubt in Tony's mind as to whether his plans were known. Without so much as a farewell glance for the cabinet, he crossed, almost in one bound, the room, and vaulted out to an astonished Dunkley.

. . . . . .

One hears a lot about the irony of fate. It was this, or something approximating to it, that prompted Baddeley, a friend of Tony's, to approach the partners on the following morning. He was accompanied by a tall man in whose eyes the quality of steel predominated.

Tony blanched, as he perceived Baddeley's intention. With a muttered excuse, he rose hastily from his chair. Baddeley caught him by the arm.

"Great pal of mine," he explained. "The poor devil doesn't get much change out of life. He's seen you about, here, and at the Berkeley Square crush last night. Taken a fancy to you."

"But," protested Tony, backing away, "I——"

"Of course," added Baddeley, "he can't chat much. You see, he's a deaf mute."


# HAVE YOU HEARD A GOOD ONE LATELY?

## *Prizes for Humorous Stories.*

**THE BYSTANDER** offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

| | |
|---|---|
| **First Prize - - -** | **£10 10 0** |
| **Second Prize - - -** | **7 7 0** |
| **Third Prize - -** | **5 5 0** |

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length.

Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

***The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C.4.***

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

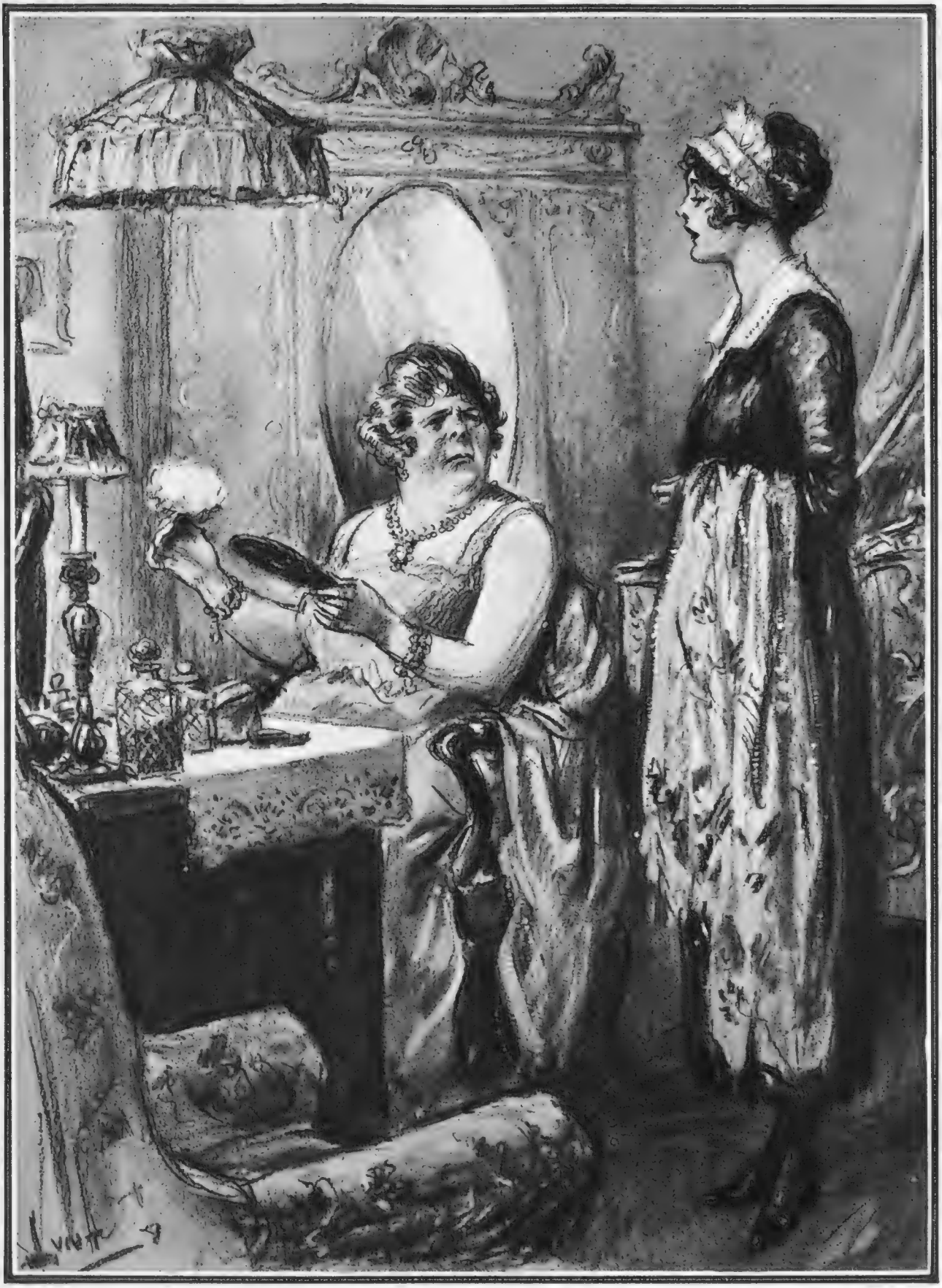
Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in **THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL** in November.

*(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)*

# Powder Puff Persiflage



BY WILMOT LUNT

MRS. BILLIONAIRE *(angrily)*: "Do you call yourself a lady's maid?"
MAID: "I used to, ma'am, before I came here"

# THE GREAT PUSH

BY THOMAS JAY

I HAVE determined to say my little piece about the kind of motoring friends I have, and to say it while I have the health and strength, and still maintain some vestige of a one-piece anatomy. It happens to me as it happens to you that well-meaning motoring friends are always anxious to take us for a run in their car.

Mark my friend, Bingle Jones—mark him with a heavy stick if you like—but it so happens that Bingle Jones is a particular friend of mine, owning a not so particular kind of car. It is one of those tiny two-seater cars guaranteed not to leak unless you carry it upright in your pocket. For some time he has been wanting me to go for a run with him—a run, mark you, not a walk. He takes that car out for a walk nearly every week-end, but, as I have a crazy sort of notion that I like my anatomy altogether in one piece, I have always avoided Bingle Jones at week-ends.

I have no idea what make of car it is that Bingle Jones runs, though I fancy it was put together one morning by some mechanic who was not feeling any too good, or it may have been made by some fellow who got the idea and saw its wonderful possibilities by partaking of a boarding house hash one day.

Bingle Jones caught me the other day with my gun-sights lowered, and asked me to go for a run with him. He produced for my inspection Estelle, his motor-car, with a pointed manslaughter end to it and a wicked gleam in its eye. I stepped into it, but it was so small that every time I took a deep breath it ground the steering wheel into me until I felt that at the end of the journey that wheel would have to be extracted from me by force.

We sped thirty miles into the country . . . and stopped. Bingle Jones got out and said something to it. I don't know what it was, but it was something frightfully sudden. That car could cough petrol, stand up, sit up, soot up, and sit down. It could do 3,456 different things, and not one of them was "go."

Bingle Jones said we must push it home. I thanked him for those few kind remarks, and we started to push it home. Bingle Jones said it was only ten miles . . . but I know better. I figured it out to be nothing less than one hundred.

As we both pushed from behind and gazed now and then at one another through the perspiration we became rather irritated one with another. It's funny how pushing a car home makes you see the disagreeable side of the other man. Bingle Jones became annoyed about my ears. He said he didn't know what to make of them. He told me that he hardly knew whether they should be classified as "Outstanding Accounts" or "Accounts Carried Forward." He indicated that he didn't know whether he liked me better with or without my ears, but he was quite willing to get a hack saw and find out.

Then I noticed Bingle Jones' red hair. It was the most inflammable red hair I had ever seen. It must have turned red in a night. When you are pushing home thirteen hundredweight machinery—and so thoroughly dead, too—you get to dislike your best friends.

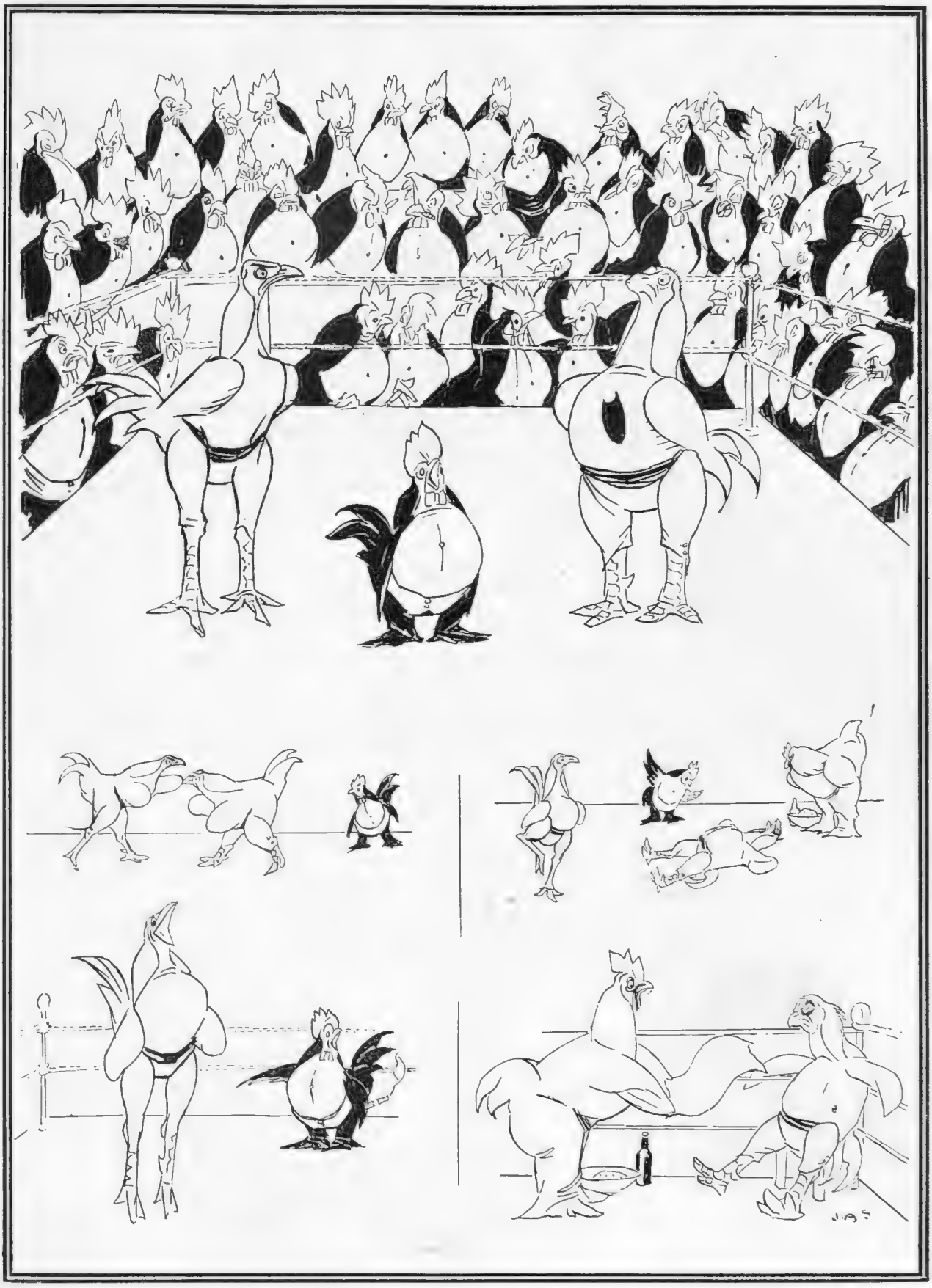
Then Bingle Jones asked me what I was panting about. That did it. I told Bingle Jones that he could push that car home himself. He could beat me at pushing a car, but I had him licked to a whisper at panting. I indicated that I would lay down in a hedge and work off the surplus pants. I was so out of breath that I didn't reckon to get the account settled with nature until about mid-January . . . but I offered to place a wreath on Bingle Jones's car, and he replied that if I didn't jolly well . . . but perhaps I had better not go into detail.

THE CYNIC By J. C. Beale

SHE (*romantic*): "How charming to see a sweet young girl walking in the garden of love"

HE (*material*): "H'm, yes, provided she doesn't blunder over a rake"

# A Fowl Fight



BY J. A. SHEPHERD

PUGILISM IN THE POULTRY YARD

THE BURNHAM WEEK

Last week's yacht racing at Burnham-on-Crouch was exceptionally keen. Besides the open events there were three races for a Challenge Cup offered by the Burnham Yacht Club for the International 12 ft. dinghy class. The result was an easy win for the British boats. Our photograph was taken at the start of the 24 ft. class

# SPORTS & PASTIMES

BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

A. D. D. Mathieson, a promising player, who reached the final stages of the Boys' Championship held by the Royal Ascot Club last week. He met in the semi-final—

—D. A. IBBETSON

Of Lancing College, another competitor playing at the Royal Ascot Club. With International Amateur Championships always in view it is good to see these young golfers preparing the way for bigger contests

## LAWN TENNIS

### England *v.* Holland

THE team of English lawn tennis players who recently paid a visit to Holland have returned home full of glowing accounts of the extraordinarily cordial nature of their reception. They enjoyed every minute—so they told me—of their sojourn, and can never wish to meet opponents more sporting or hosts more hospitable. The occasion was the first International Match between England and Holland, which will henceforth be an annual affair. The Dutch have presented a challenge cup of beautiful design, and the friendly battle for possession of it will be waged alternately in Holland and in this country.

### Place aux Dames

NOORDWIJK was the scene of the first encounter, and the English team had the satisfaction of "lifting" the cup; but they owed their success (by seven events to four) almost entirely to the lady members of the team, who were victorious in every match, Singles, Doubles, or Mixed Doubles, in which they took part, and when, at a farewell dinner, Roper Barrett, the English captain, in responding to the toast of the evening, asked pertinently "Where would England have been without her women?" he was greeted with tumultuous laughter and applause.

### Holland's Advance

LAWN TENNIS has for some years been a favourite pastime with the Dutch, and its development in Holland—a neutral country—was not arrested by the incidence of the War. The match under notice affords a good illustration of the extent of its advance. The men on our side were Major Kingscote and the Hon. Cecil Campbell, who would both have gone to America as members of our

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

MISS G. R. STERRY AND MISS M. A. SANDERS

Who met in the semi-final of the Girls' Singles Lawn Tennis Championship at Surbiton last week. In the Boys' and Girls' Singles we have some excellent players—future Wimbledon Champions

Davis Cup team had they been able to get away, H. Roper Barrett, the veteran hero of many an international battle, and W. C. Crawley, another International. Against them the Dutch four won two Singles and two Doubles, and lost two Singles, so that in men's matches they were two up on balance. The young Dutch champion, Diemer Kool, who competed with distinction at Wimbledon in July, was the outstanding player. He beat Crawley easily, and would probably have won against Kingscote or Campbell if the "order of play" had been different.

### The Right Spirit

In the ladies' matches, Mevr. Beukema and Mej. L'hoest were beaten, though by no means outclassed, by Mrs. Beamish and Miss D. C. Shepherd, for the two mixed matches both ran to three sets before England could claim the victory. On the other hand, England, with a little luck, might possibly have won both the men's Doubles, so that I think we may be fairly said to have won with something in hand. But from their sublime disregard of the result of the match (gathered from their conversation) I am sure that if they had been beaten, our team would have come back just as pleased—a good omen for the future of the contest. Matches of this kind help more than anything else to promote the *cameraderie* of the game. The renewal of the struggle in England next year will be fraught with interest.

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

### Lawn Tennis and Golf

Last week was a week of Junior Championships. At Surbiton young people of both sexes were competing for the Junior Championships of the United Kingdom, and on the course of the Royal Ascot Golf Club the Boys' Championship of Great Britain, open to players of all nationalities, was successfully instituted. It will, I think, be conceded that two better games for girls could hardly be found than golf and lawn tennis, but in the case of boys the question whether these two games should be allowed to "molest the ancient solitary reign" of cricket in the summer and football in the winter is only on the verge of being settled. Moreover, my opinion is that no amount of argument will settle it, but that it will ultimately settle itself.

### The Age Limit Question

It is probable that the boys and girls who play lawn tennis outnumber the boys and girls who play football, but in noting the fact that last week's lawn tennis championship attracted about 150 boys, whereas there were only 40 young golfers at Ascot, we must remember that the age limit in the case of the golf competition was sixteen, whereas in the lawn tennis it was nineteen. Of the two I prefer the golf limit. Nineteen is, in my opinion, too high. The object of a junior competition is to bring out, and help to perfect, latent skill, and if the limit is put at nineteen skill is apt to be

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRAEMAR

**The Braemar gathering opened with perfect weather, and the Princess Royal with Princess Maud were early arrivals. The Prince of Wales is seen chatting to the Marquess of Aberdeen, with his brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, next him, after being received at the Royal Stand by the Marquess, the Earl of Athlone, and Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld, chieftain of the gathering**

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

**A general view of this historic meeting at Braemar with the Farquharson, Duff, and Balmoral Highlanders carrying claymores and battle-axes**

*SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)*

smothered, and its possessor to be consequently discouraged by superior physical strength. There have been, and are, boy wonders at both games, such as John Ball who won a prize in the open golf championship before he was sixteen, and, at the present time, the American boys "Bobbie" Jones (golf) and Vincent Richards (lawn tennis) who are the equals of grown men; but such are quite exceptional people and would discover themselves without the aid of junior competitions. The object of junior competitions is not so much the discovery of ready-made champions as the education of champions in the making, and, for this reason, I would put the age limit at seventeen, or at eighteen at the very highest.

## FOOTBALL

### Pity the Poor "Pro"

THE man who has my sincere sympathy at the present moment is the professional Association footballer. For some weeks past he has been engaged, at the bidding of his employers, in trying to prove that you can play football, which is an eminently winter game, in the summer time, and making a most unholy mess of it. In other words the fact that we have had a real summer which has lasted, as a well-behaved summer should, until well on into September, with far less rain than even a well-behaved summer may indulge in without damage to its reputation, has served to emphasise the utter absurdity of starting football in August.

### A Summer Show-up

To add to the absurdity the football critics in the daily Press have been gravely discussing

*Photograph* *Topical Press*

**A GREAT PLAYER**

**George Hirst, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, who captained the Players' team against the Gentlemen in the second match of the Scarborough Festival, which resulted in a decisive victory for the Players by 198 runs. This was Hirst's last appearance in first-class cricket and he was accorded a huge reception by the crowd after the match**

"form," marvelling at its inconsistency, and shedding tears of ink over the "disappointing displays" of some of the more highly fancied (and highly paid) teams. Meantime the poor "pro" continues to try and do his best without hurting himself more than is absolutely necessary, and finds the job as hard as the surface upon which he is occasionally compelled to sit down with some suddenness after chasing a ball which seems (by reason of the hardness of the aforesaid surface) to be possessed of the devil. Association football is a highly scientific and most enthralling game when it is well and truly played. But recent experiences have served to emphasise the fact that it is only a winter game, and I very much doubt whether the Football Association are altogether wise in allowing it to be turned into a summer one.

### "Rugger"—a Contrast

RUGBY footballers, in the South, at any rate, have always resolutely refused to start play before the third week in September at the earliest. This present September is showing that Rugby wisdom is justified of her children. The Rugby season promises to be a most successful one, and when it comes we shall be all the more pleased because it does not come until we (and the weather) are ready for it. This, incidentally, is one of the advantages of a purely amateur game. Its devotees are under no inducement to play it out of season.

H. S. S.

*Photograph]* **GOLF MATCH AT KASHMIR: SCOTLAND *v.* THE ALLIES** *[Nand Lal, Gulmarg*

**Golf matches composed of singles and foursomes were recently played at Gulmarg, Kashmir, between Scotchmen and "Allies." It is the highest 18-hole golf course in the world, 8,500 feet above sea level. The result was a win for Scotland by 12 matches to 8. From left to right can be seen—Back row: J. Ferguson, L. Vaureneu, A. C. Lothian, A. Tindal-Atkinson, R. Wingate, Capt. W. Pike, Col. Mitchell, Col. J. Stewart. Seated: Maj. Bampton, Col. Ballingal, Maj. C. Campbell, Gen. Gregory, H. Langhorne, Col. Field, Maj. Geary, D. A. Turpin. In front: Capt. Bain, R. Johnstone, Capt. Law, Capt. Vachell, Maj. Sutherland, Capt. Bickford and Capt. C. Fraser**

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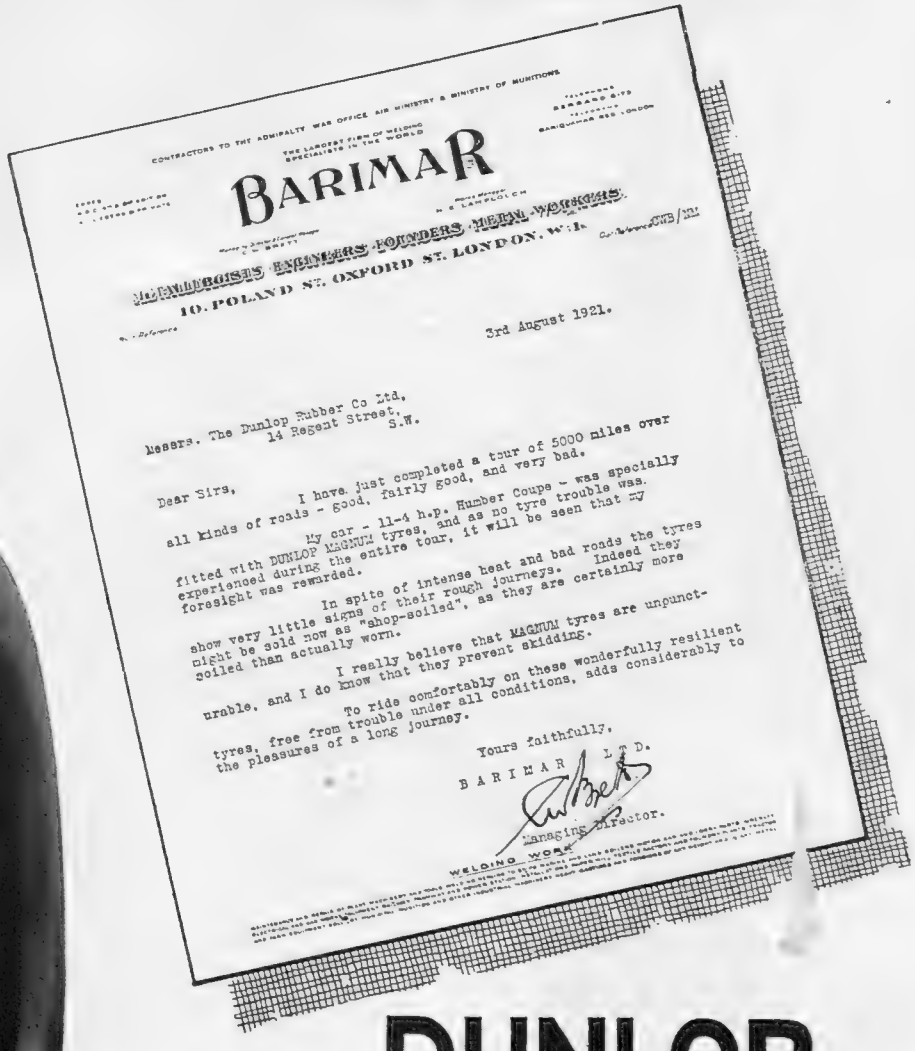
# "Dunlop Magnum for Long Mileage"

*After a strenuous tour of 5,000 miles, a Humber owner testifies that his* ***Dunlop Tyres*** *"could be sold as shop-soiled." Read his letter:—*



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# RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

### Two Good Bets

WRITING in these pages a fortnight ago I mentioned that I had backed Westward Ho and Polemarch at long prices for the St. Leger. I hope that some of my readers followed the hint. I don't mind confessing that I had small hope on the day of the race of landing the big end of either bet, but as I had taken the precaution of backing them each way I was hopeful enough of securing the place money. Both barrels hit the mark, but I was as astonished as everybody else to see the remarkably poor display of Craig an Eran. How can his failure be explained? Owner, trainer, and jockey were at a loss to account for his bad race. One thing is certain: we did not see the real Craig an Eran at Doncaster.

### Craigan Eran Problem

HIS failure has generally been ascribed to lack of stamina. You can take it from me that Craig an Eran displayed neither speed nor stamina, for as soon as real pressure was applied he lost ground. Frank Bullock was amazed to find other horses travelling far better than the favourite. Is it possible that Alec Taylor had given the colt a comparatively easy time? Nobody can presume to criticise the methods of the best trainer of his period, but it is not improbable that the calibre of the opposition to Craig an Eran in the St. Leger was underrated. Lord Astor's colt had galloped over his stable companions in their work at Manton, and I suspect that Alec Taylor, like the majority of us, thought that the favourite had very little to do at Doncaster. I am convinced that in due course Craig an Eran will prove that the St. Leger running was absolutely wrong.

### Polemarch

"WHAT made you back Polemarch?" all my friends asked. And the question was not unreasonable. I took the bet after I had seen him beat Tremola at Stockton. That performance impressed me very much. I have considerable respect for Tremola: he is a beautiful colt, and I know that his astute trainer strongly fancied him to beat Polemarch at Stockton. But Lord Londonderry's colt scored with something to spare, and I thought it well to take "40's" and "10's" about him for the St. Leger on the off chance that he would make some sort of show against Craig an Eran. Anyway, it seemed better than laying the odds on the favourite.

BY "THE TOUT"

**THE DUKE OF PORTLAND**

**Who has announced his intention of giving up racing. As the owner of the once invincible "Magpie" jacket, and that wonderful sire, St. Simon, the Duke has stamped his name in large type across the annals of the Turf. We can only hope that he will reconsider his recent decision**

### Joe Childs

THE great deciding factor in the St. Leger was the perfect judgment of Joe Childs. Most of the other jockeys seemed to be riding as though the winning-post was much nearer than it actually was. Childs bided his time, and got through on the rails on a comparatively fresh horse when Franklin and the rest were pumped out. I believe that Joe would still have won the race had he been on the second.

### Autumn Handicaps

THE acceptances are out for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and, while we cannot say which horses will represent certain stables, the outlook for the big handicaps is now much clearer. So far I have resisted the doubles fever with one exception. Just before Ascot I took 1000 to 1 about Periosteum and Leighton. You cannot get that price now. The double is very much alive. Periosteum has a great weight, but then he is a great horse. Moreover, he is built to carry weight. Leighton has also not been leniently treated by the handicapper, yet here again we have a colt of uncommon excellence, and I know that he has been carefully saved with a view to winning the Cambridgeshire. His task is no more difficult than those which Silver Tag and Zinovia successfully accomplished. I shall, therefore, continue to recommend you to couple Periosteum with Leighton as a likely double. You might also have a little on Flint Jack for the Cesarewitch. I watched him carefully in his race at Doncaster last week. He got badly shut in and I thought him decidedly unlucky not to beat Money Glass.

### Ayr Meeting

THIS will be a quiet week for racing in the South, but one of the most delightful meetings of the year will take place at Ayr. The big event of the week is the Ayrshire Handicap on Thursday, which may be won by **Bumble Bee**, who seems to be recovering some of the good form which he possessed at this time last year. The Juvenile Handicap on the same day may go to **Beeswax** or to any other which may be selected to represent Lines' stable. This establishment is already making a big mark in the nurseries. My fancy for the Ayr Gold Cup on Friday is **Guards Brigade**, though it is a little disconcerting to know that there is coughing in the Stanley House stable. Sir Robert Jardine, usually a prominent figure at this meeting, may win the Land of Burns Nursery with the **Baroness la Fleche** filly.

# Why Look for Any Other?

*Lord Robert:* By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

*Sir James:* Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

*Lord Robert:* Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

*Sir James:* Oh, they all say the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise. What!

*Lord Robert:* Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

*Sir James:* Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

*Write TO-DAY and open a*

## CREDIT ACCOUNT

## DOUGLAS STUART

Member of Principal Sporting Clubs

NEW OXFORD STREET
LONDON.

# The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

APART from its sheer, inhuman horrors, captivity in Turkey during the War seems to have provided British prisoners with materials of a uniquely interesting kind. *The Road to Endor* will remain for all time an unforgettable book, and now comes the work of Captain E. O. Mousley, R.F.A., who, while still a captive, met the great Jones himself. *The Secrets of a Kuttite* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), without possessing any glorious spoof like that of Lieut. Jones, has a poignant interest of its own, for it gives a detailed account of the siege of Kut itself. If you think that this will prove dull and *vieux jeu*, you will find yourself vastly mistaken. The chapters describing this ghastly siege are the most exciting of all. Captain Mousley had one book already to his credit, when he found himself shut up in Kut waiting for that relief expedition which was never able to come, and his pen is virile.

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READING his diary, you can fancy yourself waiting grimly with him, and endeavouring to carry on in that typically humorous way which our men invented for themselves. In Constantinople, the author carried out a sort of secret service mission of his own, and he was one of the first of our officers out of the country at the time of the Armistice. His book is long and detailed, and exciting throughout, and it leaves you thinking hard. Somebody is badly in need of punishment for those horrors. But —these things so easily become forgotten by people who were not fighting themselves, do they not?

IT is curious to note with what unanimity the word "suburban" is still used to decry and reproach, when all sorts of jolly people must have been banished to the suburbs by the state of their exchequer. Yet so it is, and so, I dare say, it will be for all time. To be truly suburban you must remain deep in your lines, or, rather, deep in the lines of those who were there before you. You must be "correct"—which generally means the assumption of all sorts of unnatural virtues which other people like you to think they possess. The War did one or two volcanic things to such people, but in attacking suburban convention it was up against something very big. You see this picturesquely enough in Mr. Douglas Newton's new book, *Low Ceilings* (Appletons: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Before the War young Donald Harbour, the architect, is as correctly suburban as the rest of them. He is as incapable of understanding a fine fellow like Hugh, the composer, who marries his sister, as he is of recognising any other code than that of his native Peckham.

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BUT after soldiering, and after a friendship with a young baronet who looks on Reconstruction as something more than a mere word, the world changes for him. The wrong woman, it is true, is working against that change, but even a pretty woman cannot do everything. Mr. Newton's story is a powerful indictment, but it is also constructive. At the same time it is not lacking in that interest which, as the publishers' advertisements continue to tell us, should be called "human." Which means to say that he has written a highly entertaining novel which should meet with success. R. S.

THE finishing touch to a well-dressed man's wardrobe must be the hat which combines comfort with the RIGHT STYLE. Stetson Hats are worn by men who prefer clean-cut lines and smart shapes.

*New models—each with the Stetson Quality Mark—obtainable at all high-grade hat shops, London and Provinces.*

STETSON

*JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, (U.S.A.)*
*London Office and Showroom:*
*70, New Bond Street, London, W.1.*

***Sherlock Holmes—***

*"You will observe, my dear Watson, that the Laces are Paton's. It is therefore obvious that the wearer is a man of great discrimination."*

Unfortunately for themselves few people pay sufficient attention to the laces they buy, with the result that some get laces that break quickly, others laces that are a continual source of annoyance because the tags come off, and many laces that soon look shabby.

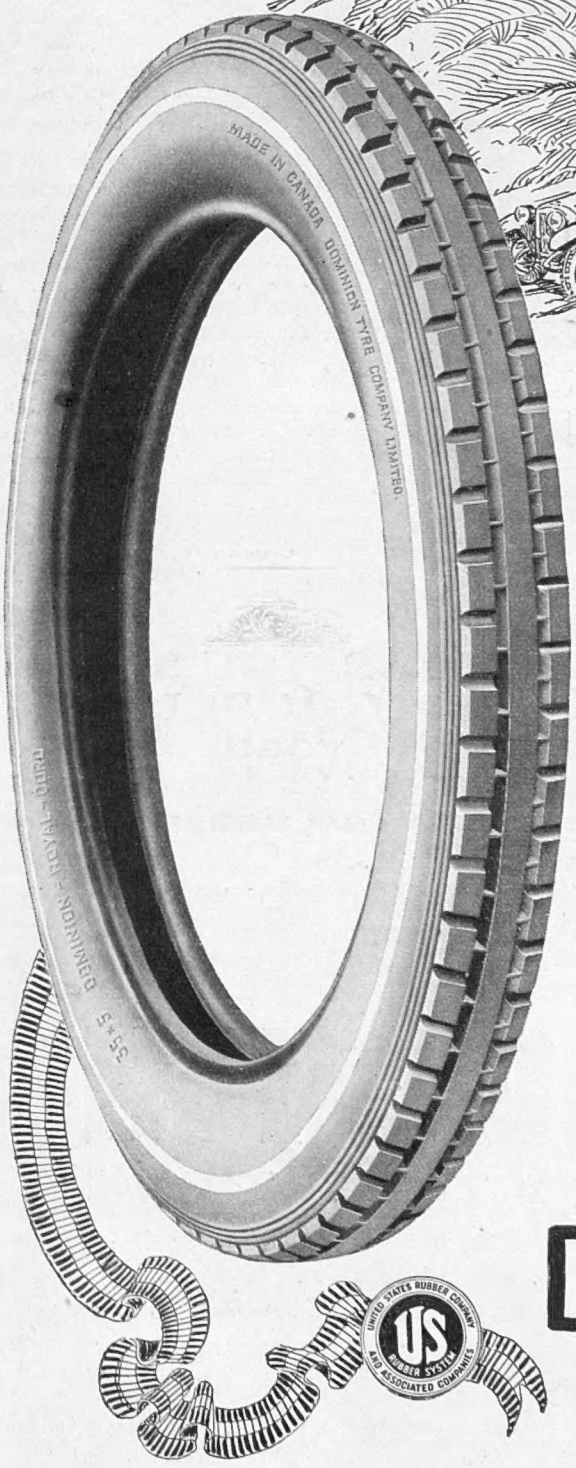
Hundreds of high grade mercerised cotton threads go to the making of Paton's Laces, making them strong and giving lasting wear. The colours are fast—so are the tags.

PATON'S BOOT and SHOE LACES

*If you are unable to obtain them from your Bootmaker, Repairer, or nearest Store, write to the Mills.*

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

P1.Φ




# More actual power *on* Royal Cord Tyres

ALTHOUGH you *pay* for all the power developed at the engine—it is the power at the tyred wheel in contact with the road which you really *get*. That is the *effective* power of your car, whatever your petrol consumption may be.

Dominion Royal Cord Tyres develop more *actual* power with a lower consumption of petrol because the "one-way multiple cord construction" permits a far larger proportion of engine power to be transmitted to the driving wheels.

It is this quickness of response to power impulse and the ability to hold it for long stretches of hard going that has earned for Dominion Royal Cord Tyres the credit for being possessed of an "intelligence" seemingly uncanny to those who have previously driven only on good fabric tyres.

Dominion Royal Cord Tyres are made for straight side rims only—no tyre levers required.

*Dominion Tyres are made in Canada, at Kitchener, Ontario*

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LIVERPOOL BIRMINGHAM GLASGOW

# Dominion Tyres are Good Tyres

# MOTOR NOTES

THEY are an artful lot, motorists in the U.S.A., judging by a paragraph in their newspapers of a hundred and more motor-cars having been discovered in an abandoned quarry half full of water at Summit, a suburb of Chicago. The theory is that they had been run from the quarry edge into the water by owners anxious to collect the insurance money. The summit of impudence, I call it, but now price values are all down so much it does offer a solution to the unscrupulous how to get your money back. I fancy our insurance companies would not submit so tamely to be stuck as their American *confrères* appear to have been mulcted. At the same time, I begin to understand what they mean in the States by "robberies of cars are very prevalent."

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AMONG the latest new models of cars for next season that have been announced, is, that though the Buick six-cylinder has been much reduced in price, a four-cylinder model will be marketed for the coming year by General Motors, Ltd. The small four-cylinder 10.4 h.p. Sunbeam and same sized Talbot-Darracq are two other new models duly heralded for next season, while the "fifteen" Straker-Squire is also to be reproduced, though I fancy the price of this four-seater will have to come down a bit if it is going to try and compete in the open market against its rivals. The "three-litre" Bentley is now going into production so as to be delivered as soon as Olympia opens and orders flow in. This, however, is only asking for support from the elect in car buyers, these being the fast touring fraternity who don't mind paying a high price for something extra special. Small, but select, is this market. I wonder how small?

THE QUEEN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

**Her Majesty made several tours of the island during the last week at Cowes, and is seen alighting at Shalfleet Church from a Wolseley landaulette**

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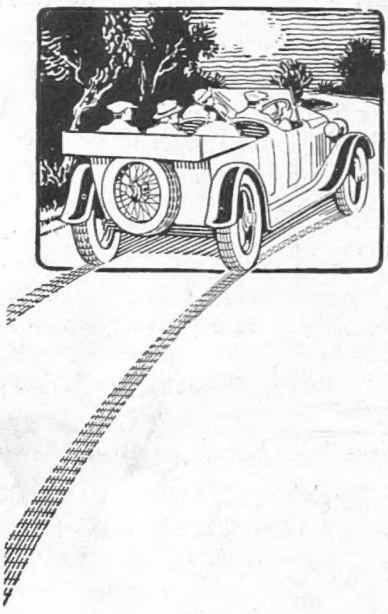
NEXT week the agri-motor has its annual carnival at Shrewsbury, where the field trials and exhibition of these power ploughing and cultivating motors will show their paces before, let us hope, a large number of potential purchasers both in this country and from abroad. British-made agricultural motors are going ahead, I am glad to say, finding favour at home and abroad so that our allies in the States are not having quite such a soft job in marketing their wares in our Colonies as they used to. After this week in the country the enthusiastic motorist can return to Brooklands

(Continued on page 574)

NO WONDER YOU SEE so many GOODRICH tracks on the road. Mileage, Safety & Service — these are the reasons. Fit one GOODRICH and prove conclusively which is the best tyre.

Your dealer *knows*.—Ask him.

GOODRICH

SAFETY TREAD TYRES

FOR COMMERCE, USE GOODRICH SOLIDS

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,

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*Look for this Sign:*

# 'BP'

# MOTOR SPIRIT

*"Best Possible — They all say the Same - Sir!"*

Put the best possible in your tank and you'll get the best possible out of your car.

**British Petroleum Co., Ltd.**
**22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C., 3**

## MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

for the Michaelmas meeting on September 24, and then gird his loins for a round of motor exhibitions all over Europe. In fact, Berlin opens its first motor show since the War on September 23 which continues to October 1, followed by the Paris show, opening from October 5 to 16. Then our own Commercial Motor Vehicle exhibition at Olympia starts on October 14 to 22, the latter date being the day fixed for the 200 miles race for small cars on the Brooklands track. Everybody in the world of motors gets a week's rest after skurrying round all this lot, until the Motor Show opens at Olympia and the White City on November 4. If you survive this, including the motor boats which are to be exhibited as well as cars, you can reckon that you are sure of another year's motoring.

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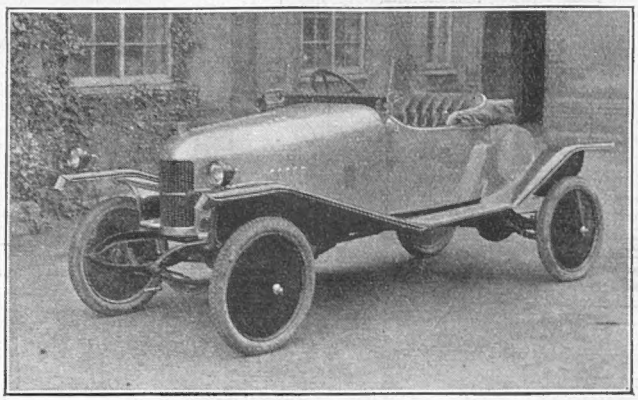

**A SPEEDY CAR**

**A new "all-silver" Morris-Cowley Sports Model which has proved itself a very reliable little car**

Do not imagine for a moment that you are yet through with the show business, as though the four or five exhibitions have put a test to your reliability and endurance there still remains the Aero Show at Paris, which opens on November 12 until November 27, and the Motor-Cycle Show, with its three-wheelers, at Olympia, starting on November 28 until December 3, when the Brussels Motor Show commences. This carries on until December 15, and while you are making up your mind where you had best spend Christmas someone is sure to remind you that you must not miss the New York Motor Exhibition, which opens a week after New Year's Day in Maddison Gardens, or similar spot, so you hie to the "reservation bureau" and expend much money in transportation to "little Old New York." Say, motoring is one long holiday, I don't think.

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As so many motorists are now buying and getting delivery of their new car for 1922 just a word of advice may not come amiss. Don't try to run the new engine too fast for the first 500 miles or be sparing with the oil and grease. Also, the most tender part of a new car's equipment is the storage battery of the electrical output, which wants far more looking after when brand-new than when well "formed." Fortunately, the C.A.V.-Willard folk have instituted a chain of depots throughout this country, where they look after their own and other batteries, provided you go to one of them within five days of receiving the new car. Any motorist can get this list of depots by sending a postcard to Warple Way, Acton, and then if you have a Willard battery they look after it free of charge for ninety days. But as they ask all owners of their C.A.V.-Willard accumulators to pay a visit at least once a fortnight to one of their stations, whether the battery appears to be all right or no, it shows how often the average owner neglects this part of the machine to his cost and inconvenience in the long run. It is a splendid idea, this service for keeping batteries in first-class order, and no sensible motorist should neglect the chance to take advantage of it.

OLD HY.


£250

FACSIMILE OF BAND

HURCULACES

FACSIMILE OF BAND

*The Lace with the Extra Long Wear*

"SLOGAN" COMPETITION

1st PRIZE, £100 CASH. 2nd PRIZE, £50 CASH. 3rd PRIZE, £25 CASH.
CONSOLATION PRIZES, 500 useful articles valued at 3/- each.

Hurculaces BRITISH MADE

The Manufacturers of HURCULACES offer the above prizes for the best Slogans for HURCULACES, and they invite you to send in suggestions which in your opinion would be suitable.

This contest allows you to use your imaginative and inventive powers in submitting an appealing Slogan.

There is no money to send, all you are required to do is purchase three pairs of HURCULACES, any quality, and send the three bands with each attempt.

HURCULACES ARE THE LACES WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR. The secret of their durability being the great strength of the threads which tenaciously cling together and resist wear.

They are made in many varieties for ladies, childrens and men's boots and shoes, in all the popular shades, from 3d. per pair upwards.

Obtainable from the leading BOOT SHOPS, DRAPERS and OUTFITTERS.

EXAMPLES:

HURCULACES The Lace to Wear, to Ease your Care.

The well-known Slogan for the famous SPHERE SUSPENDERS AND BRACES is another example, viz: "The Grip that Grips and never Slips."

HURCULACES

The Lace with the extra long wear

CONDITIONS.

1. You may submit one or more attempts, but each Slogan must be accompanied by three Hurculaces bands, one band will be found on every pair of Hurculaces purchased.
2. Obtain a receipt from the shopkeeper from whom you purchase the laces and send this with your entry as there are special prizes for the dealer who supplies the Hurculaces to the winners of 1st, 2nd, 3rd prizes.
3. All Slogans for which prizes are awarded become the property of Faire Bro's & Co., Limited, the manufacturers of Hurculaces.
4. The Judges of this contest will be the Editor of the "Leicester Mail" and the Directors of Faire Bro's & Co. Limited, whose decision must be accepted by competitors as absolutely final.
5. Entries should be addressed to HURCULACES, Faire Bro's & Co., Ltd., Leicester, marking your envelope "Slogan Competition" in top left hand corner.
6. No employee of Faire Bro's & Co., Limited, or anyone acting in an official capacity in this competition is eligible to compete.
7. The result of the competition and the names of the money prize winners will be published in The Daily Mail and Daily Mirror, January 9th, 1922.

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